THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

A Comedie.

As it hath beene Presented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane.*

The Author IAMES SHIRLEY, Servant to Her Majesty.

IUVEN. Satyra. 7.

Et Spes, & ratio Studiorum, in Cæsare tantum.

LONDON
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1633.

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The Persons.

DVKE of *Mantua.*
PERENCTTO Captaine of his Guard.
PHILENZO Lover of *Eugenia*, under the Disguise and Name of *Rollyardo.*
FVLVIO. } Noblemen.
ORPIANO. }
MORELLO, }
DONDOLO, } Courtiers.
GRVTTI. }
Embassador of *Florence.*
BONAMICO a *Mountibanke*, or decayed *Artist.*
SERVANT. GVARD. Attendants.

EVGENIA the Dukes daughter.
DONELLA, }
CATHERINA, } Ladyes Attendant on the
MARDONA, } Princesse.
FIDELIA, }
CASSIANA. }

To Master VVilliam Prinne, Vtter-Barrester of *Lincolnes-Inne.*

SIR,

THe *fame of your* Candor *and* Innocent-Love *to Learning, especially to that Musicall part of humane knowledge* Poetry, *and in particular to that which concernes the* Stage *and* Scene (*your selfe as I heare, having lately written a* Tragedie) *doth iustly chalenge from me this* Dedication. *I had an early desire to congratulate your happy* Retirement, *but no* Poeme *could tempt me with so faire a circumstance as this in the Title, wherein I take some delight to thinke (not without imitation of your selfe) who have ingeniously fancied such Elegant and apposite names for your owne Compositions, as* Health's Sickneſſe, The Vnlovelineſſe of Love-lockes, &c.) *how aptly I may present you at this time, with* The Bird in a Cage. *A Comedy, which wanteth I must confesse, much of that Ornament, which the* Stage *and* Action *lent it, for it comprehending also another* Play *or* Interlude, *personated by Ladies, I must referre to your imagination,* The Musicke, the Songs, the Dancing, *and other varieties, which I know would have pleas'd you infinitely in the Presentment. I was the rather inclined to make this Oblation, that Posterity might read you a* Patron *to the* Muses, *and one that durst in such a* Criticall *Age, bind up the Wounds which* Ignorance *had printed upon wit and the Professors: Proceed* (Inimitable Mece-

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nas) *and having such convenient leysure, and an indefatigable* Pegasus, *I meane your* Prose *(which scorneth the Roade of Common sence, and despiseth any* Stile *in his way) travell still in the pursuit of new discoveries, which you may publish if you please, in your next Booke of* Digressions. *If you doe not happen presently to convert the* Organs, *you may in time confuse the Steeple, and bring every Parish to one Bell.*———

This is all I have to say at this time, and my owne Occasions not permitting my personall attendance, I have intreated a Gentleman to deliver this Testimonie of my Seruice, many faults have escaped the Presse, which your Iudgment will no sooner find, then your Mercie correct, by which you shall teach others a Charity to your owne Volumes, though they be all Errata. *If you continue where you are, you will every day inlarge your fame, and beside the engagement of other* Poets *to Celebrate your* Roman *Constancie, in particular obliege the Tongue and Penne of your Devout Honourer,*—

IAMES SHIRLEY.

THE

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

Actus. I. Scæna. I.

Enter Fulvio, Orpiano.

Orpiano.

HE does not meane this building for a Colledge, I hope?

Fulv. That were an ill Foundation, there are more Scholers then can live one by another already; 'tis pitty we should haue more plenty of learned Beggers.

Orp. 'Tis past all my conjecture, why *Fulv.* Signior *Perenotto*, Captain oth' Guard (he built it. Is of Counsell onely with the Duke in't. *Enter Morello.*

Mor. Signior *Orpiano*, and *Fulvio*.

Fulv. My Sparke? Whither in such haste? Let vs change

Mor. You are travailing to your Mistris. (Ay: e a litle.

Orp. Madam *Donella* is newly return'd to Court.

Fulv: With the Princesse?

Orp. She was but late retyr'd into the Country: What's the matter?

Mor. Your Lordships I hope have heard, the Duke sent

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Poste for them, as they say, there is something in't.

Fulv. What?

Mor. Does not your Lordship know? *Fulv.* Not I.

Mor. Your Lordships wisedome and mine is much about a scantling then, yet for ought I heare, there be others of the Court as ignorant as we — your Honors pardon I beseech you, I must in all haste to the Princesses Lodging.

Orp. Farewell Signior.
Your amorous locke has a hayre out of order.

Mor. Vm? what an oversight was this of my Barber, I must returne now and have it corrected, deere Sign. *Ex.*

Fulv. Here's a Courtier that will not misse a hayre of his Complement, when he is to appeare before his Mistris: every morning does this fellow put himselfe upon the Racke, with putting on's apparell, and manfully indures his Taylor, when he skrewes and wrests his body into the fashion of his doublet — but that the Court cannot subsist without a Foole, I should marvaile what this fellow does to follow it.

Orp. There are more have much about his parcell of Braines, the benefit of youth and good clothes procur'd their places, and ignorance and impudence have since maintayn'd em.

Fulv. Two great helpes as the world goes.

Enter Gentlemen Vshers, Dondolo, Grutti.

Gent. Cleere the presence, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke, Eugenia, Perenotto, Attendants.

Engen. I ever was obed ient —

Duke. 'Tis for thy Honor, which I know,
Is to thy selfe a precious sound — that Building
I late erected, then shall be thy Pallace.

Engen. Or my Prison Sir, if I doe rightly understand.

Duke. That name
Is too unworthy of it, my *Eugenia*,
Nor will it seeme restraint to my lov'd daughter,

Since

Since frée to all delights, thy mind ſhall be
It's owne Commander, every day ſhall ſtrive
To bring thee in freſh rarities, Time ſhall bee.
Delighted with thy pleaſures, and ſtay with thee.
Eug. Indeed I ſhall thinke Time has loſt his wings
When I am thus Cag'd up.
Duke. Thou ſhalt give
To him feathers when thou pleaſeſt. *Mantua*
Shall powre her raptures on thee—why have I
A Crowne, but to command what thou canſt wiſh for,
My deere *Eugenia.* *Eugen.* A Deere it ſeemes,
For as you had ſuſpicion of my wildneſſe,
You'l meaſure out my walke.
Duke. I am thy Father,
Who by example of the wiſeſt Kings,
But build a place to lay my Treaſure in,
Safe from the Robber, where Ile place a Guard—
Eugen. Doe you ſuſpect I ſhall breake Priſon?
Duke. To keepe off violence, and ſolliciting
Which may diſturbe thy pleaſures, vntill we
Shall find out one to match thy Birth and Vertues,
My Dukedome is too poore that way, maintaine
Thy Fathers Soule: thou haſt no bloud to mixe
With any beneath Prince — forget as I ſhall
Thy Love was ever falling from thy Greatneſſe,
Into the Armes of one carryes but ſtile of Honour.
Eugen. Sir, I am your Daughter.
Duke. Th'aſt deſerv'd my bleſſing, and thy obedience
In this, new Crownes thy Father: I ſee I need not
Vrge what I am to move thee, and lay force,
Thy underſtanding does appeare convinc'd,
And loving duty teaches thee to more,
Then the Command — *Perenotto* —
Eugen. What narrow ground I tread? I know he is
Too paſſionate to be denyed his will,
And yet to yeeld will make me miſerable;
'Tis my misfortune to be borne ſo great.

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Each common man and woman can inioy
The ayre, when the condition of a Princesse
Makes me a Pritoner. But I must obey
In hope it will not last —— I have a Soule
Is full of grateſull duty, nor will ſuffer me
Further diſpute your precept: you have power
To ſteere me as you pleaſe.

Duke. All the Graces
Speake in my Girle —— Each ſyllable doth carry
A Volume of thy Goodneſſe: all my Cares
So well rewarded doe convert to ſweetneſſe
I thanke thy filiall piety: know my Girle
That place wherein I locke ſo rich a Iewell,
I doe pronounce againe, ſhall be thy Paradice:
Thy Paradice my *Eugenia*, ſaving that
In this man onely finds no being —— other
Delights ſhall ſtreame themſelves into thy Boſome,
And thoſe that paſſe, ſhall flow agen t'invite
Thy ſence to taſting —— *Perenotto.*

Peren. Your Graces pleaſure?

Duke. Admit thoſe Ladyes that attend ——

Fulv. The Duke ſhewes much Indulgence.

Orp. Obſerue the yſſue.

Duke. Wee will not limit thy companions,
Elect what *Mantuan* Beautyes thou canſt beſt
Delight in, they ſhall ſerue thee: or if ſome
Of your owne Traine, whom we haue thought moſt proper
To be your perſonall Guard, affect you, they *Enter Donella*
Attend our pleaſures: ſee, they are ignorant *Katherina,*
Yet of our purpoſe, if to any, thy *Mardona & Fidelia.*
Affection be not free, thy Breath diſcharge them,
And point thy owne Attendants.

Eugen. I ſhall be pleas'd with your appointment,
Ladyes, I know you loue me. *ſhe goes to the Ladyes.*

Don. Doth your Grace hold ſuſpition, any of vs
Serve you not with our heart?

Eugen. I doe not doubt,

Or if I did, you now approach a Tryall,
For my sake can you be content to be
All Prisoners. *Ladyes.* Prisoners?
Eug. Yes, shut up close Prisoners, and be barrd
The conuersation, nay the sight of men.
Kath. Marry Heaven defend, wherein haue we offended
That we must loose the sweet societie
Of Men.
Mard. How have we forfeyted our freedome?
Duke. No man argue — 'tis our pleasure. (Signior.
Don. 'Las Madam, I am new contracted to a handsome
Kath. I have but newly entertain'd a Servant, that gave me these Gloves, they smell of him still, a sweet Courtyer.
Don. Not one man among so many Ladyes?
Not a Gentleman-Vsher? Nor a Page?
How shall we doe Madam?
Mard. I beseech your Grace let me be exempted,
If I haue committed an offence, deserues your Anger,
Let one of your Lords cut off my head rather, Sign. *Dondalo.*
Fidel. Shall we expresse,
So cold a duty to her highnesse? Fye Ladyes.
Eugen. You shall but suffer with me: I pertake
As much Seuerity, as any of you shall.
Duke I will expect your duties Lords in silence,
Orpiano, you shall to *Ferrara*, with
Our daughters picture, your Commissions sealed —
Now faire Ladyes,
I hope y'are fixd to waite vpon *Eugenia.*
If your restraint be a Burthen, it shall be
In her power to inlarge you, and elect
New Friends into your places.
Ladyes. 'Tis our Duties
To obey your Grace and her.
Duke. Perenott — Are all things prepar'd?
Per. They are my Lord.
Duke. For once theu let vs vsher you.
Kat. Whether doe we goe? *Peren.* Ile tell you.

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Done. Whither? *Peren.* To take Phiſicke Madam. The Duke has prepar'd to ſtay all looſeneſſe in your bodies You muſt be all faſt: ſtone walles and morter will bind.

Fid. Come follow with a Courage. (Monkeyes.

Donel. I hope we ſhall be allowed our little Dogs and

Dond. Sweet Madam. *Exit omn. man. Fulv. Orp. Dond.*

Grut. Madam *Katherina*, they are gone Signior. *Grutt.*

Dond. Would I had knowne this afore?

Fulv. The Duke will be cenſur'd for this Act.

Orp. 'Tis very ſtrange, good Lady,
I read a forc'd obedience in her Eye,
Which hardly held up Raine. *Enter Morello.*

Mor. Save you deare Sign. which way went the Ladies?

Grut. Newes, Signior Newes.

Mor. I beſeech you I may pertake.

Fulv. Have you forgot there was ſuſpicion
She affected Signior *Philenzo* the Cardinals Nephew?

Orp. Alas poore Gentleman, he ſuffers for't.

Fulv. By this reſtraint he would make her ſure, his jealouſie Is not yet over — Signior *Morello*, is your locke rectified, You have miſt your Lady but a hayres bredth.

Mor. Nay, but my Lords and Gentlemen, where are the Ladies gone indeed? *Grut.* We ha' told you.

Mor. What, committed to New Priſon:

Fulv. Very true, Signior.

Dond. Our dancing dayes are done, ſhut vp cloſe, not A man muſt enter. (mad!

Mor. Would I were a Mouſe then -- why, but is the Duke

Orp. Take heed what you ſay Signior: though we be no Informers, yet walles have Eares.

Mor. Eares? Would I had left mine behind me, heere's Newes indeed!

Fulv. And y'ad come a little ſooner, you might ha taken your leave, but 'twas your Barbers fault.

Mor. Would he had left me ith' ſuds an houre ago! What ſhall we doe Gentlemen, 'tis a hard caſe, when a man that has an intention to marry and live honeſt —

Enter

Enter Rolliardo.

How now, what art thou?

Roll. Any thing, nothing: yet a man, yet no man: for I want.

Mor. What? Th'art no Capon I hope. (sinnes.

Roll. Mony sir, will you spare any from your precious

Grut. Th'art very free. *Roll.* Yet Sir I am in debt.

Dond. What dost owe? *Roll.* Nobody harme.

Fulv. Whence cam'st ——

Roll. I dropt from the Moone.

Orp: So me thinkes, thou talk'st very madly —— Th'ast much humour in thee.

Roll. Ha yee any thing to doe that yee account impossible Gentlemen.

Fulv. Why, wilt thou do't?

Roll. And you'l pay for't. Let me a have mony enough and Ile doe any thing.

Orp. Hold, hold. *Roll.* Yes I will hold.

Mor. Ile lay with thee, what wilt hold ——

Roll. Why Paradoxes.

Grut. Dond. Paradoxes!

Mor. I hold you a Paradoxe. *Fulv.* Let's heare some.

Roll. There are no beasts but Cuckolds and Flatterers; no cold weather but i'th Dog-dayes; no Physicke to a whoore, no foole to an Alderman, no Scholler to a Iustice of Peace, nor no Souldier to a Belt and Buffe Ierkin.

Orp. A smart fellow. *Enter Duke.*

Mor. The Duke.

Duke. So my feares are over, in her restraint I bury all my Iealousies: —— How now? What fellowes this?

Fulv. Such an Humorist as I neuer before conversst withall: it seemes he makes himselfe free of all places.

Duke. What would he have?

Roll. Thy pardon mighty man, if it be no Treason to pray for thee, save thee, wilt imploy me? 'Tis Vacation, and I want worke, aske me not what I can doe, let me have money enough, and Ile doe any thing.

Duke.

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Duke. You haue your Sences?

Roll. Five, the ſmall Birds dare not peepe for him, I take it: I can ſee greatneſſe big with an Impoſtume, yet towring in the Ayre like a Fawlcon: I can heare a man ſweare I am thy Eternall Slave, and will ſerve thee: whē if opportunity were offer'd, for price of a Pluſh Cloak, he will be the firſt ſhall ſtrip thee to the very Soule: I can taſte wine that another man payes for, and relliſh any thing that comes of free coſt: I can ſmell a Knave through a Bar'd Gowne, a Politician, through a Surplace; a Foole, through a Scarlet out-ſide: I can touch a Wench better then a Lute, and tell mony with a Secretary, to ſhew I ha loſt my feeling: tuſh, all's nothing, I have a humour to doe ſome thing to be talked on, nothing can come amiſſe to me, let me have mony enough, and my life to a cheeſe payring, Ile doe any thing. *Duke.* You'l except ſomewhat.

Roll. Not to doe o're the Seven Wonders of the World, and demoliſh 'em when I ha done, let me have money enough, what ſtarre ſo high, but I will meaſure by this *Iacobs* ſtaffe: Divine mony, the Soule of all things Sublunary, what Lawyers tongue will not be tipt with ſilver, and will not mony with a Iudge make it a plaine Caſe, does not gowty Greatneſſe find eaſe with *Aurum palpabile*, and he's a ſleight Phyſitian cannot give a Golden Gliſter at a dead lift: — Mony, I adore thee, it comes neere the nature of a Spirit, and is ſo ſuttle it can creepe in at a Cranny, bee preſent at the moſt inward Councels, and betray em: Mony, it opens lockes, drawes Curtaines, buyes wit, ſels Honeſty, keepes Courts, ſights Quarrels, pulls downe Churches, and builds Almeſhouſes.

Duke. A wilde fellow. (lence?

Fulv. Will your Grace have him puniſht for this inſo-

Duke. No, his humor is good mirth to vs; whence art?

Roll. I am of no Country. *Duke.* How?

Roll. I was borne vpon the Sea. *Duke.* When?

Roll. In a Tempeſt I was told ———

Mor. A bluſtering fellow. *Duke.* Thy Name.

Roll.

Roll. Rolliardo.

Duke. And how long haſt thou beene mad thus?

Roll. Your Highneſſe may be merry-and if you have no Employment for me, I am gone.

Duke Stay we command you, and bethinke agen, What to except in your bold vndertaking.

Roll. I except nothing, nothing Duke, it were no glory Not to be generall, active in all, let me have Mony Enough and Ile doe any thing.

Duke. You ſhall.

Fulv. Will your Grace ſet him a worke?

Roll. Name the Action.

Duke. What ſay you to a Lady?

Roll. I will fall vpon her, as *Iupiter* on *Danae*, let me have a ſhower of Gold, *Acriſius* brazen Tower ſhall melt agen, were there an Army about it, I would compaſſe her in a Moneth or dye for't.

Duke. Ha?—A Lady without guard would try your wit, and mony to get her Love. *Roll.* A toy, a toy.

Duke. Through a Credulity, you may too much Traduce the Sexe, and merit ſuch a Iuſtice No Mony will buy off: —admit ſome Branches Grow not ſo ſtraight and beautifull, as Nature Intended them, will you diſgrace the ſtemme Or for ſome womans Lenity, accuſe That fayre Creation? Mony buy their Love Promiſe a Salary of that ſacred flame Themſelves cannot direct, as guided by Divine intelligence.

Roll. Your Highneſſe Pardon; if you prohibite I muſt not undertake, but let me have freedome, and Mony enough (for that's the Circle I walke in) and if I doe not conjure up a ſpirit hot enough to inflame a frozen *Lucrece* boſome: make Mummy of my fleſh, and ſell me to the Apothecaries: try me with ſome Maſter peece; A womans Love is as eaſie as to eate dinner without ſaying Grace, getting of Children, or going to bed drunke: Let me have

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Money enough, and taxe me to the purpose.

Fulv. Orp. He's constant.

Duke. Admit there be a Lady, whom a Prince
Might Court for her Affection; Of a Beauty,
Great as her Vertue, adde unto them Birth,
Equall to both, and all three but in her
Not to be match'd — Suppose this Myracle
(Too precious for mans Eye) were shut vp, where
A Guard more watchfull then the Dragons; did
Forbid accesse to mankind: — Men pick'd out
Between whose Soules and Mony were Antipathy
Beyond that which we know; and you assoone
Might bribe to be a Saint: — what would you doe
With your enough of mony, were your life
Ingag'd to winne her Love?

Roll. The sky may fall, and Aldermen cry Larkes
About the City.

Duke. The fellow's impudent: Sirrah, thou hast landed thy selfe upon a Rocke, you shall have sence of what you would contemne, a Life: put on a most fortified resolution, you shall need it; we haue a daughter thus lock'd up —

Fulv, What does the Duke meane?

Duke. A Virgin. *Orp.* He is in Passion.

Duke. Shalt not ingage thee on a worke so much
Impossible as procurement of her Love,
Make it appeare with all the Art thou canst
Get but accesse to her; a Moneth we limit
But take heed Boaster, if you faile; your Life
Shall onely satisfie our charge, and teach
All other Mountibanks to be at distance,
With such bold undertakings: you shall expect
A severe Iustice:
By this, I shall try the Fidelity of those are trusted.

Roll. 'Tis a match, I shall have mony enough?

Duke. You shall. What d'yee call enough, yet it shall be under 20. thousand Crownes: I will not leave the Pawns here, for twice so much.

Roll. I will not be particular and agree oth' Summe, you looke I ſhould dye if I performe not, and Ile looke to bee merry and want nothing while I live, Ile not take the Advantage on you, becauſe I hope to receive credit by it: if I uſe now and then a round ſumme ſet me up oth' Ticket for't, but who ſhall paſſe his word if I doe this feate, you'l let me keepe my head a my ſhoulders.

Duke. Our royall word ſecure thee. *Roll.* 'Tis enough.

Fulv. What ſecurity can your Grace expect for his foorthcomming, if he fayle.

Duke. We ha ſtudyed that,
'Tis but the loſſe of ſome ſuperfluous Crownes,
Let the end carry what ſucceſſe Fate pleaſe,
All the expence will not be loſt, to try
The faith of thoſe we ſhall imploy in this;
Our Citie's ſtrong, the River that invirons
On three parts, ſhall be carefully attended,
A wall makes ſafe the fourth, which ſhall be guarded
Our Vigils ſhall be ſo exact, he ſhall
Deſerve his liberty, if he eſcape vs,
We are conſtant Sir.

Fulv. Would he might pay for his curioſitie.

Roll. Ile waite upon your Highneſſe for ſome earneſt: I have a Moneth good, let me have faire play and my bargaine Mony enough, if I doe come ſhort, let my head be too heavie for my ſhoulders; if I doe more then is expected, you'l beleeve it poſſible hereafter: when a man has money enough he may doe any thing.

Duke. Maintaine your humour ſtill — attend vs. *Exeunt*

Manent Morello, Dondolo, and Gruttì.

Mor. Here's a mad fellow, does he meane to get into the Ladyes?

Dond. It ſeemes ſo.

Gr. Or I wud not be in his taking when the Moon chãges.

Mor. Our beſt courſe then is to obſerve and humor him, he may have a tricke more then we know; he ſeemes to be a good Fellow, let's be drunke together, and get him to confeſſe it — ha?

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Don. Grut. A match.

Mor. Like ormand Knights our valiant wits must wraſtle
To free our Ladyes from the inchanted Caſtle. *Exeunt.*

Actus. II. Scæna. I.

Enter Bonamico and a Servant.

Serv. D'Yee thinke this Hayre
And habit will ſufficiently diſguiſe you,
From your inquiring Creditors?

Bon. No queſtion,
Have you diſperſt my Billes about the City,
Does every publike place carry the ſcrole,
As I commanded?

Serv. I have beene carefull.

Bon. What doe they ſay abroad, doe they not wonder?

Serv. They are ſtrucken dumbe at reading, he that has
The uſe of tongue, employes it to expreſſe
His admiration of your Art, your deepe,
Inviſible Art.

Bon. There's hope then we ſhall proſper,
In this beleeving Age, *Italy* is full
Of Iugling Mountibanks, that ſhew trickes with oyles,
And powders, here an Emperick dares boaſt
Himſelfe a Paracelſian, and dawbe
Each Poſt with printed follyes, when he went
A'th ticket with ſome Midwife, or old woman
For his whole ſtocke of Phyſicke, here a fellow
Onely has skill to make a handſome perowig,
Or to ſowe teeth i'th gummes of ſome ſtate Madam,
Which ſhe coughes out agen, when ſo much phlegme
As would not ſtrangle a poore flea, provokes her,
Proclaimes himſelfe a rectifier of Nature,
And is beleev'd ſo, getteth more by keeping

Mouthes in their quarterly reparations,
Then knowing men for all their Art, and paines
I'th cure of the whole body —— ſhall we doubt
To be made rich, rich *Carlo*, by our Art
Whereof I am the firſt and bold Profeſſor
In *Italy*, we ſhall grow fat and purchaſe,
Doſt not thinke ſo?

Serv. To goe inviſible
Who will not learne at any rate.

Bon. True *Carlo*.
There may be in the throng of our admirers,
Some will preſume't above the power of Art
To make men walke and talke inviſible.
But we can cleere the miſtery, and make
Mantua in the proofe acknowledge it
A matter feaſible— here's ſome Cuſtomer *Enter*
Ha? 'Tis the Humoriſt, the Vndertaker, *Rolliardo.*
The Bird I ſpread my Art for, he has mony
Enough, and's apt to prove a fortune to me.

Roll. So the Covenants are ſeal'd, I am like a famous Cathedrall with two ring of Bells, a ſweet Chime a both ſides, now 'tis noys'd I ha mony enough, how many Gallants of all ſorts and Sexes court me, here's a Gentleman ready to run himſelfe in the Kennell, for haſt to give me the Wall, this Cavalier will kiſſe my hand, while th'other Signior cranckles ith' hammes, as hee were ſtudying new Poſtures againſt his turne comes to ſalute me. As I walke, euery Window is glaz'd with eyes, as ſome tryumph were in the ſtreet; this *Madova* invites me to a Banquet for my diſcourſe, t'other *Bona roba* ſends me a Sparke, a third a Ruby, a fourth an Emerald, and all but in hope to put their Iewels to vſury, that they may returne agen with precious Intereſt —— Thus farre it goes well, very well, what's next—

Bon. Save you Signior.

Roll. What art thou?

Bon. One appointed by fate to doe you ſervice Sir.

Roll. But I gave fate no Commiſſion to take you up for

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me, I ha more followers then the Duke already, prethee have me commended to the Lady Destinyes, and tell 'em I am provided.

Bon. Mistake me not, he speakes to you, has power
To make you happy.

Roll. Prethee make thy selfe happy with a warme suite first, thy house is but poorely thatched, and thou beest so good at making happy, why hast no better clothes.

Bo. 'Tis no felicity, or admit: the Sunne
Dispenceth a rich warmth about the World
Yet hath no heate it selfe. *Roll.* Philosophie.

Bo. To omit circumstance, I know what you
Haue vndertaken to the generall
Amazement: vpon penalty of death,
You must procure accesse to the faire Princesse,
'Tis in my Art to helpe — to perfect what
The Duke holds so impossible.

Roll. How canst thou assist mee.

Bo. Although my outside promise not, my braine
Is better furnished, I ha gain'd by study
A secret, will aduance the worke you labour with,
Ile teach you Sir to goe invisible —

Roll. How? t'hast no clouen foote, I sent brimstone, and thou beest a Diuell tell me.

Bo. I trifle not, I am a man, whose fame
Shall out-liue time, in teaching you this Mistery
For which I must expect reward — you are,
(Lowd noise proclaimes it) able, & can pay me
Out of the Dukes Exchequer, being your selfe
His walking treasury.

Roll. You'l teach me to goe invisible you say.

Bo. I can, and with your safety, for I deale not
With magick, to betray you to a Faith
Black and Satannicall, I abhorre the Diuell.

Roll. Very like so.

Bo. Which some haue coniured into a Ring,
To effect the wonder, I admit of no
Suffumigation, incense offer'd to

Infer-

Infernall Spirits, but by Art, whose Rules
Are lawfull and Demonstrative ——

Roll. You thinke I admire you all this while — Harke, when did you eate? or doe you hope agen, that you are put to this pitifull and desperate exigent. I see you my would be Invisible, fine Knave. *Bon.* D'ee mocke me, Sir?

Roll. Ile tell you a better project, wherein no Courtier has prefool'd you. Sticke your skin with feathers, and draw the rabble of the City for pence a peece to see a monstrous Bird brought from *Peru*, Baboones have past for men already, beene taken for Vsurers, i'their furr'd Gownes and Night-caps, keepe a foole in pay, to tell the multitude of a Gentle fayth, that you were caught in a Wilderneſſe, and thou mayst be taken for some farre Country Howlet.

Bon. Doe you despise my Art?

Roll. Art? but such another word, and I shall marre the whole expecta ion of your invisible trafique, in, to your nest; and leave me, distinguish men before you practise on 'em, 'tis wholsome caution.

Bon. I leave you to the misery of your unbeleefe, when you heare of me hereafter, you will curse your fortune to have thus neglected me, fare you well, Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Perenotto, with 3. or 4. of the Guard.

Roll. This is *Perenotto* Captaine of the Guard.

Per. Not yet attempted you?

1. We have not seene him my Lord. *Per.* He's here.

2. Is that he that has gold enough? would I had some of his yellow hammers. *Rol.* D'ee heare, you are one

1. A poore Halbert man Sir. (of the List.

Rol. Poore? hold thee, there's gold for thee: — thou

1. O yes Sir. (woo't be honest now?

Roll. Not a peny, and thou hadst not beene a foole, thou wouldst ha bin a Knave, & so thou might'st have got by me, yet by those scuruy legs there's sõe hope thou't be cõverted

1. I will be what you please Sir. (at all adventures take it.

Roll. Tell me what condition is that Sign. of? is he rich?

1. He loves money.

Roll. Come? Shalt be my Pensioner — here's more gold for thee — and will he take a Bribe? 1. D'ee

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1. D'yee make question of that Sir? he bought his Office, & therefore may sell his Conscience, he has sold 200. on's twice over, he was brought up at Court, and knowes what belongs to his place, I warrant you.

Roll. Good. 1. Am I not a Knave now Sir?

Roll. I like thee.

1. To your cost: — I hope you wo'not tell him what I say: but if you doe, and he chance to turne me out of my office, your gold is restorative.

Per. To your stations, and be circumspect. *Ex. Guard.*

Roll. Noble Sir, you are the onely man I have Ambition to honour.

Per. I should be proud to merit such a Phrase.

Roll. 'Tis in your power to oblige my Soule—w'are pri-
I am jealous of the Wind lest it convey (vate,
Our noyse too farre: This Morne I had some traffique
With a Ieweller, and if my Iudgment erre not,
H'as richly furnish'd me.
What sayes your Lordship to this Diamond?

Per. 'Tis a glorious one.

Roll. Does it not sparkle most divinely Signior,
A rowe of these stucke in a Ladies Forehead,
Would make a *Persian* stagger in his Faith,
And give more Adoration to this Light
Then to the Sun beame: I ha fellowes to 'em
A Nest of bright ones.

Per. This Boxe is studded like a frosty Night with stars
You have out-bid their Value, make me a gainer
In changing them for your commends.

Per. How Sir. *Roll.* I'm serious.

Per. I never shall deserve this Bounty, if
You'd point me out some service to begin my gratitude—

Roll. You have a Noble Soule
Ile teach you how to merit more.

Peren. I am Covetous of such a knowledge.

Roll. Make but my path a smooth one to the Princesse,
I am briefe, you know my undertaking.

Per. So

Per. So I should be a Traytor.

Roll. It comes not neere the question of a life: do't Ile enable you, to buy another Dukedome, State, and Title.

Per. Although 'twere necessary in the Affayres
Of such high consequence to deliberate,
Yet for this once, Ile be as briefe as you,
I wo'not doe't. *Roll.* How?

Per. No indeed Signior, you shall pardon me
At this time, and Ile keepe your Iewels too
For they are guifts: hereafter you will know me
So fare you well Sir. *Exit.*

Roll. Was I not told this Officer was corrupt?
I want Faith to beleeve the Myracle.
Sure he does but iest with me, ha?

Enter Morello, Dondolo, Gruttì.

Mor. The Guard will accept no money.

Don. What an age do wee liue in, when officers will take no bribes.

Grut. Not the Golden one.

Don. Here's *Rolliardo.*

Roll I'me quite lost. *Grut.* 'Tis he.

Roll. Yet he keepes my jewels, there may be some hope
Ile to him agen, 'tis but his modesty
At first not to see me easie, he must be courted
Statesmen like Virgins first, should giue denyall,
Experience and opportunity make the tryall.
Saue you Gallants.

Mor. And you goe thereto: saue your selfe, you are in a worse pickle then wee are.

Don. And how i'st wee Signiour?

Grut. Doe you thriue in your hopes?

Roll. I doe not dispaire Gentlemen, you see I doe not weare my hat in my eyes, crucifie my armes, or intreate your Lordships braine to melt in a Petition for me.

Mor. I did but iest, I know you haue a way to the

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wood in your *Pericranium*, what is't wee are honeſt ſimple minded Lords.

Roll. I thinke ſo.

Grut. Nay nay, impart.

Don. Wee tell no tales.

Mor. Woo'd wee were whipt and wee doe.

Roll. Why ſhall I tell you —— you are three.

Mor. Very ſecret ——

Roll. Coxecombes.

All 3. How?

Roll. A miſerable leaſh of Court Mimicks.

Mor. Mimicks? what's that.

Roll. You perfumd Goates.

Mo. Oh is that it, I neuer heard what a Mimick was before.

Roll. Dee thinke I am ſo wretched in a point that concernes my life and honour, to truſt my wayes and purpoſes to you that haue no ſoules.

Don. No ſoules.

Mor. Peace how comes he to know that?

Grut. Why haſt thou none?

Mo. 'Twas more then euer I could ſee in my ſelfe yet.

Roll. Things that haue forfeited their Creation, and had not your Tailors tooke compaſſion on you, you had died to all mens thoughts, who long ſince wod ha forgotten that euer there were ſuch thinges in Nature.

Don. Shall wee ſuffer this?

Roll. Yes, and make legs, in token of your thankefullneſſe, if I were at leiſure, I would make you ſhew trickes now.

Mo. Doe I looke like a *Iohnanapes*?

Roll. But I wonot.

Mo. It were not your beſt courſe. *Roll.* How?

Mo. Alas Sir I ſhould but ſhame my ſelfe, and be laughed at afore all this Company.

Roll. When you ſee mee next avoide mee, as you would doe your poore kindred when they come to Court.

Get

Get you home, say your Prayers, and wonder that you come off without beating, for 'tis one of my Myracles.

Mo. Had wee not better a gone to Tauerne, as I plotted at first, he could not ha beene more valiant in his drinke.

Grut. Im'e glad hees gone.

Don. I know not what to make on him.

Mo. Make on him quotha, he made little reckning of vs, but and he had not gone as he did, I should ha made

Don. What?

Mo. Vrine in my breeches — he sqeezed me, I thinke I was ready to melt'o, both sides.

Grut. But harke you Signior, wee forget the Ladies still

Mo. Well remembred.

Don. Lets consult to purpose about that — shall wee?

Mo. No, euery one thinke what he can by himselfe, my thoughts shall be private, and not free at this time; euery one scratch his owne head.

Grut. And he that gets the first hint, communicate —

Don. A match.

Mo. Let me see — umh.

Don. What if I did — nothing, my braines are dull.

Grut. Ten to one, but if I did — let it alone, a pox on't, I were best drinke some Sacke, they say it helpes inuention.

Mo. O rare. *Both.* Rub rub, out with it.

Mo. No, 'tis gone backe agen, I drunke buttered Sacke this Morning and it slipt backe when 'twas almost at my tongues end — but it was a delicate proiect, whatsoeuer it was.

Grut. Recouer it with thy finger.

Don. Follow it *Morello.*

Mo. Now, now, now, let me alone — make no noise, 'tis comming agen, I ha't, I ha't —

Don. Hold it fast now.

Grut. Loose it not, thou art great with wit, let vs deliuer thee, what, ist?

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Mo. Some wiser then some. *They follow him vp and*
Don. Wilt not tell vs? *downe for discovery.*
Grut. Didst not promise.
Mo. No haste — as occasion serves — it cost more then so yet you may know't.
Don. Well said.
Mo. Hereafter, but not now — away, doe not tempt me I will eate the sweat of my owne braine, O rare! neuer was such a straine of wit inuented. — Dee heare, Gentlemen; if you will command me any service to the Ladies, I doe purpose to visite em — with quirke — hey.
Grut. How? *Mo.* Marry doe I.
Don. Nay *Morello.*
Mo. Gentlemen, as I told you, if you haue any thing to the Ladies, before I goe I am the messenger, — there is a crotchet and so forth — a carwhichet is found out - your eares — I will doe such a stratagem as neuer the like was heard of in the world. — Oh rare. — *Exit.*
Don. Hees mad.
Grut. So am I, that he is so reservd
What shall's doe.

Enter Bonamico disguised.

Bon. Saue you Signiors, pray where abouts is the signe of the invisible man.
D. G. The invisible man.
Bon. Cry yee mercy now I see it. *Exit.*
Don. See't he does more then wee can, the Gentleman's mistaken, heeres no such signe, yet hee went in there.
Grut. Hee has better eyes then wee to distinguish it.

Enter Servant to Bon: disguised.

Ser. This, I this is it.
Don What is it pray?
Ser. Whats that to you?
Grut. In courtesie wee aske:

Ser.

Ser. Then by the signe this is the house, whether I am going to enquire for a Gentleman that teaches men to walke invisible.

Grut. That wo'd be seene, this is newes.

Ser. Newes, either you haue slept long, or you are Gentlemen of very small intelligence, examine the next paper you see aduanced, and informe your selues, farewell Gallants. *Exit.*

Don. Hee's entred there to.

Grut. Teach men to walke invisible, a very fine trade.

Don. Would'twere true, wee should desire no other device to get into the Ladies.

Enter Bonamico and Seruant in other disguises.

Grut. 'Tis impossible — see, see, more Gentlemen, prethee lets to him, this will bee a tricke worth our learning.

Don. Stay, wee are not acquainted, lets knocke first.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Your pleasures Gentlemen.

Don. Pray Sir, what signes is this?

Ser. The invisible man Sir.

Grut. Man, I see no man.

Don. Heres nothing but a cloude.

Ser. Right Sir, and hee's behinde it, the mans invisible.

Don. Pretty faith, It may bee the man i'the Moone for ought weeknow.

Ser. Wouldyee any thing with my Master.

Grut. He does teach to walke invisible they say.

Ser. He is the onely Professor of the miraculous invisible Art.

Don. May wee change a little discourse with him.

Ser. There are some Gentlemen with him — but i'le tell him, I am preuented, hee's comming forth himselfe.

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Enter Bonamico.

Don. Signior *Altomaro* I take it.

Bon. 'Tis my name Sir, a poore Artiſt, not warme in theſe parts of *Italy*.

Grut. And you were not too buſie Sir —

Bon. Pleaſe you walke in, I am now alone, your perſons will grace my poore habitation.

Don. Wee ſaw 4. or 5. enter but now.

Bon. I ha diſpatch 'em they are freſh departed.

Don. Which way.

Grut. Here's not a man, are they not ſuncke, came they out heere?

Bon. Vpon my credit Sir no other way.

Don. Then they went inviſible.

Bon. Right Sir, they came hither to that purpoſe, their deſignes required haſt.

Grut. This man can doo't I ſee already.

Don. Sir if you can aſſure vs this inviſible walking, for weeare not ſo ignorant as wee ſeeme, wee ha ſeene the Play of the *Inuiſible Knight*, and —

Bon. That of the Ring too, ha ye not. *Don.* Yes.

Bon. The one was Magick, and t'other an impoſture, what I doe is by Art faire and naturall, are you in debt and feare arreſting, you ſhall ſaue your money in protections, come vp to the face of a Sergiant, nay walke by a Shole of theſe mankind horſe-leaches, and be mace proofe. If you haue a mind to raile at 'em, or kick ſome a their looſe fleſh out, they ſhannot ſay blacks your eye, nor with all their linces eyes diſcouer you: would you ſee when the Mercers abroad, how his man playes the Merchant at home with his Miſtris ſilkeworme, and deales vnderhand for commodity — would your ſelfe talke with a Lady in ſecret, ſit downe, play with her, rauiſh a Diamond from her finger, and bind her ſoft wriſt with a bracelet, kiſſe her abroad, at home, before her ſeruants, in the preſence

of

of her jealous husband, nay truſſe her vp, when the tame Lord is a bed with her, and to his eyes be vndiſcovered as the winde Signior — doe you ſuſpect your Miſtris playes double? would you heare how ſhe entertaines the t'others loue, and know what ſhe does i'the cloſet with the ſmooth Page — would you be preſent at ſecret Counſels, betray letters, ſee how ſuch a Lord paints his thighes, this perfume his breath, t'other marſhall his fine French teeth, ſee this Stateſmans eyes put out with a bribe, how that officer cozens the Duke, and his Secretary abuſes 'em both, this Lawyer takes fees a both ſides; while the Iudge examines the fertility, and price of the Mannor, before the witneſſes and then decrees who ſhall haue the Land? would you ſee iuſtice employ her ſcales to weigh light Gold, that comes in for fees or corruption, and flouriſh with her ſword like a Fencer to make more roome for cauſes 'ithe Court.

Don. All this and more may be done, if we can but goe inviſible, but how can you aſſure vs of that. I would faine ſee any man goe inviſible once.

Bon. See him Sir?

Grut. *Video pro intelligo* I meane Sir.

Bon. Nay Sir you need not diſtinguiſh, for it is poſſible to ſee a man inviſible obſerue me, you ſee mee now perfectly, in euery part, if I ſhould walke before you without a body.

Grut. How?

Bon. My head onely viſible and hanging in the Ayre like a Comet.

Don. That were a ſtrange ſight?

Bon. Sometimes nothing ſhalbe ſeene but my arme, another while one of my legs, hopping without a body.

Grut. This is admirable.

Bon. When I pleaſe I will haue nothing conſpicuous, but my hand, nay, perhaps my little finger.

Don. Doe not you conjure then?

Grut. Come you will caſt a miſt before our eyes.

Bon. 'Tis a Miſtery indeed but a ſafe one Signiors.

Don. Why looke you Sir, if you will be pleaſed that wee

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wee may ſee you firſt walke inviſible, wee ſhall not onely credit your Art, but at any rate be ambitious to bee your Diſciples.

Bon. Why Gentlemen, you ſpeake but Iuſtice, you ſhall haue experiment. I wilbe inviſible firſt, but as to other in this kinde, I will not demonſtrate without halfe in hand, let me haue 50. Crownes apeece, I'le point you a day when I will be inviſible?

Grut. Can you not doe it preſently.

Bon. I can be inviſible in a twinckling, but what aſſurance can you haue, that I am here at the ſame inſtant, when you ſee no part of mee, I may deceiue you.

Don. He ſayes true.

Bon. I doe purpoſe therefore to giue you reality and proofe, for I will walke inviſible, all but —— my hand.

Both. Your hand?

Bon. Onely my hand, you ſhall touch it, ſee euery line in't, and the reſt of my body be to you inviſible, this will require a little time for preparation, and when with the conſent of your eyes and vnderſtandings, I keepe my promiſe in this point, you will thinke your monies well expended to be taught the Miſtery.

Don. This is very faire.

Grut. The crowne ſhall be ready Sir.

Don. Expect 'em within this houre.

Enter Rolliardo.

Bon. At your owne pleaſures, ha *Rolliardo*? I muſt not be ſeene Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Both. Farewell incomparable Signior —— what lucke had wee to light vpon this Artiſt, he ſhanot publiſh it, wee'l buy the whole ſecret at any value, and then get him remoue into ſome other Province, who's this.

Roll. Am not I mad, ſure I am, though I doe not know it, and all the World is but a Bedlam, a houſe of correction to whip vs into our ſences, I ha knowne the time when jewels and Gold had ſome vertue in 'em, the generation of men now are not ſubject to corruption; *Democritus* the

Worlds

Worlds refin'd.

Don. 'Tis *Rolliardo*, he lookes Melancholy, lets haue a fling at him, giue you joy of the great Lady Sir, which is the next way to the Moone pray?

Roll. Bolt vpright *Mnskat*, and if you make haſt you may be one of her Calues, next time ſhe appeares, you ſhall ſee her becken to you, with a paire of hornes, iuſt a'the ſize of thoſe are preparing for your forehead, my precious animall.

Don. Ha, ha, ha, the fellowes mad.

Grut. Can you tell Sir, what became of all the Swallowes, Cuckoes, and ſmall birds, wee had here laſt Summer?

Roll. Marry Sir they went to Sea, to aide the Cranes, and there haue bin muſtering euer ſince, but for want of a Woodcocke they ha left behind 'em, they dare not venture vpon the Pigmies, you may doe well to ouertake the Buzzard and releeue the Army Sir.

Grut. Ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

Roll. I ſhall be grinnde to death as I walke the ſtreetes, 'tis no policy to be dull and modeſt — but let me ſee, which way to compaſſe my worke, and put my ſelfe out of the common laughter the very children will ieere mee ſhortly I thinke, and point me out with ſtones, the precious vndertaker. I might haue had more wit then to run my ſelfe into this calamitie whom haue wee next.

Enter the Duke, Embaſſador, Fulvio, Dondolo, Gruttes attendants, Courtiers.

The Duke? what ſtranger's that? I muſt not ſeeme deiected.

Emb. Is this he your Highneſſe diſcourſed of?

Duke. This is the peece made vp of all performance
The man of any thing without exception,
Giue him but Gold, Kings daughters and their heires
Though lockt in towers of Braſſe, are not ſafe from him.

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Nay though I play the chimiſt with my truſt
And from a Million of ſure confidences
I draw the ſpirit of honeſty into a few,
He can corrupt 'em.

Roll. You are my Prince great Sir, and you haue ſpoke
Not much vnlike a braue one.

Don. Heele jeere the Duke too.

Roll. If my head
Come to be paid to you, before Sunne-ſet
That day when it is forfeite, I ha cleerd with you,
And ſhall depart out of your Royall debt
There's all you can demand, a good ſharpe ſword
Will make an euen reckning.

Emb. He ſeemes confident.

Court. 1. With your Graces leaue, let me come to him.

Roll. Now a fierce dog.

1. What came into thy mind, thou daring madman, foole is a word of favour to thee. *Roll.* So Sir.

1. To vndertake ſuch an impoſſible taske.

Roll. Muſhroumpe — Ile caſt away a few words on thee
Had I another life, I'de vndertake yet
Though I be low in all opinion,
To venture it, with the riches I haue ſpread
To corrupt others, to make thee my paraſite,
I would engage my life to weare no ſteps
To thy white daughter, thou and thy graue Matron
Moſt humbly ſhould preſent her, when I was pleaſed too
For feare I ſhould refuſe the ſport you brought mee.

Duke. I neuer knew man beare his ſcorne ſo high, too him ſome other.

Grut. Not I Sir, you ſhall excuſe me, 'twas the laſt thing I did.

2. In the poſition generall, 'ile not touch him
For mony may be ſaid to purchaſe all things
But to aſpire to my good Soueraignes daughter
Of bleſſed memory.

Roll. Shee's not dead I hope.

2. There Gold and trash was impudently inferr'd,
And 'twas a taske too insolent, in that point
You'd willingly give a pound of your proud flesh,
To be releast.

Roll. I heard a pound of flesh, a Iewes demand once
Twas gravely now remembred of your Lordship —— releast?
Fortune, and courtesie of opinion
Gives many men Nobility of Birth,
That never durst doe nobly, nor attempt
Any designe, but fell below their Honors.
Cas'd up in Chambers, scarcely ayre themselves
But at a Horse-race, or i'th Parke with Puppets,
That for which I'm your laughter, I speake to
You flattering tribe of Courtiers, to you Glowormes
Is my chiefe glory, that perhaps being sprung
From humble Parentage, dare yet attempt
A deed so farre above me, that sets all
Your Wisedomes in Combustion, you may thinke
I've made a sorry bargaine for my life,
Let Scorners know in ayming at her onely
My memory after death, receives more honour
Then all your marble Pinnacles can raise you,
Or alablaster figures, whiter farre
Then ere your soules were, and that houre I dye
If you dare looke vpon me, without fainting
(Which I much feare) you shall see death so scorn'd,
I meane for any terrour, you shall thinke him
My slave to take my upper Garment off.

Don. I told your Higneſſe — How you shud find him.

Emb. A brave Resolution.

Duke. Be this the Prologue to the mirth, my Lord
Attends to entertaine you; set on, we'll leave him. Ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt. Roll. pulls Fulvio backe.

Roll. Sir, I observ'd you Noble, and not apt
To throw derision on me with the rest,
Which does encourage me, to aske you a question.

Fulv. Name it Sir.

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Roll. Pray what ſtrange'rs that walk'd with the Duke?
Ful. 'Tis an Embaſſador from *Florence* Sir.
Roll. An Embaſſador, his deſigne I pray?
Ful. To treate of Marriage betwixt our Princeſſe
And the great Dukes ſonne, deſired much by our Maſter
Who has ſome hope, t'wilbe effected too.
Has brought rich preſents to her. *Roll.* This is all.
Ful. You haue it freely. *Exit.*

Roll. Y'aue honored me, married to *Tuſcany*? ſo, if my ambition had beene fortunate, I might haue beene his taſter, but my ſtarres want influence, they are too dull, and weary of my fate, *Rollardo* then muſt forfeit, why that's the worſt on't, I will make a glorious blaze in death, and while I liue, make the Dukes treaſure pay for't, nor ſhall he accuſe me, I exhauſt him poorely, i'le ſtudy out ſome noble way to build me a remembrance. ha. —— a Church or Colledge? Tedious, my glaſſe has but few ſandes, I muſt doe ſome thing I may liue to finiſh: I ha't, I will ſend to all the priſons ith Citty, and pay the poore mens debts for 'em: the world wants ſuch a Preſident: I ha mony enough ſince I faile in my other ends, I will doe ſome good deedes before I dye, ſo ſhall I be more ſure of Prayers, then if I built a Church, for they are not certaine to continue their foundation, fate I deſpiſe thee, I ſinke vnder no cheape and common action, but ſell my life too Fame, in catching my death by ſo braue an aſpiring.

If I obtaine a Monument, be this all
Write on my graue. *This man climbe'd high to fall.*

Exit.

Actus III. Scæna I.

Enter Guard.

1. Come Gentlemen, wee muſt watch ſtill, that none run away with the Princeſſe.

2. He muſt haue an excellent ſtomacke, that can breake theſe ſtone walles to come to her.

3. Beſide this moueable wall of fleſh which we carry.

2. One makes toward vs, — 'tis a Lady.

Enter Morello like a Lady.

Mo. So, now am I as valiant as *Hercules*, when he turned ſpniſter, greate *Iupiter*, the patron of ſcapes, aſſiſt my petticote, and at my returne, I will ſacrifice my linnen-breeches to thee, — here be the men, the men of mettle, now *Venus* I beſeech thee, and they bee men they will let a Lady enter without many queſtions.

1. Saue you ſweet Lady, your affaires this way?

Mo. I goe but in to the Princeſſe.

1. From whom?

Mo. From the Dukes Grace.

1 What may be your Ladiſhips name?

Mo. I neuer thought to giue my ſelfe a name — my name is Madam — um. My name is ſomething an odde name, but — I doe not ſtand vpon't — my name's *Thorne*.

1. Indeed Madam *Thorne*, if his Grace haue ſent you to ſuch a purpoſe, you muſt ſhew ſomething for our diſcharge.

Mo. Why hearke you it was but forgotten, of the Duke to ſend his ſignet — but I haue brought ſome of his Highneſſe deputies wo'mee, I hope that will ſatisfie. *As he takes out money diſcouers Breeches.*

2. By this gold, breeches

3. No, they are but ſilke — here will be ſport, I haue a hint already.

1. Say

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1. Say you ſo? 'Tis very well — but Madam, we are many, and we would be loth to venture — deale ingeniouſly ſweet Lady, have you no more gold in your breeches?

Mor. Not a doyt, as I am vertuous and ſinfull.

1. Paſſe — but d'ee heare — and you ſhud not be ſecret now.

Mor. As I am a Gentleman.

3. A Gentleman? do'ſt heare him? ile put him to't.

Mor. I have left ſome Crownes with your fellow.

2. Tuſh, that wo'not ſatisfie me.

Mor. Indeed, I ha no more mony.

2. You have commodity, hang this tranſitory gold — give me — what's this?

Mor. Nothing but a wart a'my little finger.

2. A wart, let me ſee't. *Puts off his Glove.*

Mor. 'Tis a Diamond, 'twas my Mothers Legacy — or elſe

2. Is it your will I ſhould have it?

Mor. It was my Mothers will I ſhould weare it, her Ghoſt will haunt me, and I ſhould give it away.

2. You know the way backe Lady.

Mor. You will give me my gold agen.

1. Not a doyt, as I am vertuous and ſinfull, ſtand with him for a toy; and know y'ave no warrant from the Duke, 'tis in our power.

Mor. D'ee heare Sir, and it were a Diamond of gold you ſhud have it.

2. Lady, I kiſſe your hand.

Mor. Y'ave kiſſ'd the Ring of a my finger Ime ſure.

2. Vſe your fortune, paſſe.

Mor. If I get to the Ladies, ſome body ſhall pay for this, that's my comfort.

3. Can you wraſtle Madam. *Takes him by the ſhoulder.*

Mor. Ah — wraſtle Sir, Ladies doe not uſe to wraſtle.

3. They are throwne downe with their good wills then, come you and I will have a bout, I muſt hug your little body.

1. Humor him, and y'are paſt danger.

Mor. W'od you ha me teare my clothes?

1. Ile perſwade him:

3. To tell you true Madam, this fellow is an abhominable Lecher,

Lecher, there is no ſcaping him without a fall, a very Satyre, he leapes all comes neare him, if your Ladiſhips modeſty can diſpence with a private favour —— you underſtand; for our parts, we are ſatisfied otherwiſe, and our lips are ſow'd up, take him a 'toſide, and ſee how you can mollifie him, hee's a Cocke a the Game, and will tread you and you were ten Thornes.

Mor. Mollifie him, doth he uſe Ladies ſo, he will molifie me.

2. And you were his ſiſter, all's one to him, the Divell is not more hot and Robuſtious, where he finds oppoſition to the ſport; therefore the Duke made choyce of him, as ſuſpecting ſome Lord might come diſguis'd a this faſnion, to prevent diſhonour to the Princeſſe and Ladies —— uſe your owne diſcretion.

Mor. What will become of me, if he be ſuch a Wencher he'll raviſh me, and diſcover all, what a Raſcall was I to venture thus, ile giue thee my Fan to perſwade him —— helpe, helpe.

3. Nay then. *He throwes him downe, and diſcovers his Breeches.*
Why how now? Breeches?

1. This is a man. 2. Sure 'tis a woman.

Mor. To tell you true Gentlemen, I am neyther a man nor a woman, I am an Hermaphrodite.

1. How? an Hermaphrodite? What would you doe among the Ladyes then. 2. An Hermaphrodite.

3. Let's ſearch him. *Mor.* Ah.

1. Stay let's be advis'd, if he be ſuch a Monſter, our beſt way is to carry him to the Duke. 2. 3. Agreed.

Mor. I ſhall be undone —— d'yee heare Noble friends 'tis but a folly to diſſemble, I am no ſuch thing, I am no Hermaphrodite, I am a friend of yours. *All.* Of ours.

2. Your Name, I beſeech you.

Mor. I did but jeſt all this while, the Duke himſelfe put me upon 't, to ſee whether I could cozen you, my Name's *Morello.*

1. Signior *Morello*, 'tis not poſſible.

Mor. As I am vertuous, I am, I am no Hermaphrodite, no matter for the Gold or Diamonds 'tis your owne —— ile acquaint his Grace how carefull I found you, and if he doe not reward you beſide, ile ſay hee's the pooreſt Duke in Chriſtendome: Ile tell him preſently.

3. Noble

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3. Noble Signior wee'le waite vpon you to him.

Mo, No, no, 'tis better for me to goe alone.

1. Your pardon, you shall tell him how carefull you found vs wee'le relate to him how cunningly you carried the businesse.

Mo. Nay d'yee heare Gentlemen.

All. It must be so Sir, come sweet effeminate Signior.

Exeunt.

Enter Fulvie, Embassador.

Emb. Y'aue done me a noble office Signior in this
Discouery, where now liues her banished Louer?

Ful. My kinsman liues in *Florence*, but 2. dayes since
I receiued letters from him.

Emb. In *Florence* too?

Ful. Sir you may censure me,
But my affection to the iniurd Lord,
And not without respect vnto the Honor,
Of your Master too, hath bin the cause of
My free Language.

Emb. Trust me Signior
We are all ingag'd to study you a recompence,
But *Mantua* was iniust to banish him,
For being too much a Seruant.

Ful. Sir, when Princes resolue to punish.

Emb. Vertue shalbe Treason
'Twas tyranny, — why now is she thus cag'd?

Ful. I can coniecture nothing but his jealousie
Which wilbe euer actiue, by that Loue
Wee enterchang'd at *Pisa*, when wee grew
Together in our studies — I coniure
Your Nobleness to silence me.

Emb. You will dishonor me by suspition: — I am charmd.

Enter Perenotto, Dondolo, Grutti.

Per. My honord Lord. *Emb.* Signior *Perenotto.*

Ful. My gentile sparkes. *Do. Gr.* Your seruants.

Ful. You are all Courtship.

Per. Is your Lordship for this wonder?

Emb. What wonder my Lord?

Per.

Per. These paire of Gentlemen haue discourst me into admiration, there's one has vndertaken to goe invisible.

Emb. Invisible?

Per. This hower expected, and in this place.

Ful. How? *Don.* With a tricke that he has.

Ful. Doe you beleeve him, Gentlemen.

Grut. You shall see't.

Don. Wee were heretickes in that point, but our vnderstandings are convinc'd, he did demonstrate.

Grut. And because you shall know the truth of his Art, he wilbe inuisible all but his hand, what thinke you of that? the rarest fellow in Christendome.

Emb. Nothing visible but his hand.

Don. As sure as wee haue giuen him a 100. Crownes in hand.

Emb. Why is not the Duke presented with this noueltie. *Don.* Hee's trauailing to the Emperour first, onely as he goes for our sake, he will shew vs a figgary of his Art. *Enter Rolliardo.*

Here's *Rolliardo*, hee's somewhat costiue a tother side wants Faith.

Roll. Saue you nest of Courtiers, smooth faces, rich clothes, and sublime complements, make you amorous in sight of your Ladies. *Donzell del Phebo*, and *Roficleer* are you there? what pestilent diseases haue you got, that you weare so much musk and ciuet about you. Oh for a Priest of *Cupid* to sacrifice you now, how your breeches would burne like incense, & your haire disguised in sweet powder, leaue your bodies in a mist, while your bones were inwardly consuming with the fire of Dame *Venus* altar. *Don.* The same humorist still.

Roll. I heard say, wee shall haue strange apparitions i'th aire and yet inuisible wonders, a hand must appeare as fatall to some as that hung o're the Capitoll; for there is a suspition some purses wilbe iugled emptie, and as silent as the Moone, no bright *Sol* appearing, nor a peece of pale fac'd siluer in your silken Hemispheres.

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Grut. He is an Infidell.

Roll. Right *Iehochanan*, right, my precious Iew, wee are all Infidell that wonot beleeve the Court catechisme - my Lord Embassador you are welcome from *Florence*, does the great Duke pick sallats still, I meane continue his assize, returne into his Exchequer once in seauen yeares the wealth of *Tuscany*. *Vespasian* was held couetous for ordaining vessels to receiue the beneficiall publick vrine, but 'tis Heathenisme among Christians not to hold *Dulcis odor Lucri è re qualibet*.

Emb. Hee's mad.

Roll. Signior *Perenotto*, it has puzzled my vnderstanding, how you can subsist at Court without making vse of the common sinnes, flattery, and corruption; take heed, y'are a great man, and 'tis ominous to dye in your bed, a signe your children are like to inherite but weake braines, thou maist goe to Heauen, but thy heire had rather thou shouldest make a journey to *Erebus*, for the proverbe sake, happy is that Sonne, whose Father goes to the Divell. —— Why when comes out my *Don* inuisible, may be, hee's heere already for wee cannot see him, what sayes my squirrill? thou look'st dull and Phisicall me thinkes, the crownes will returne agen invisibly, neuer feare it, and how does my graue Gymnosophist whose ambition is to be regiftred an honest Lord, though thou beest buried vpon almes, carried to Church with foure torches, and haue an inscription on thy marble worse then the ballad of the Devill and the Baker, and might be sung to as vilde a tune too. —— Gentlemen, i'le invite you shortly to see my head cut off, and doe onely entreat, you would not laugh at me when I am dead, 'twill shew but poorely in you, and I shall reuenge it with my Ghost walking.

Ful. Either he is very confident to atchiue his designe or late growne desperate, he talkes so wildly.

Enter Seruant.

Don. I wonder, Signior *Altomaro* forgets vs. Now, now, yee shall heare, this is his seruant I know he is not farre

farre off, where is thy Master?

Ser. He is inuisible — this Letter is directed to you.

The Letter.

GEntlemen, that you may perceiue I deale plainely with you, I am now inuisible; all but my hand, and here it is, you may with ease read euery line, as I promised vpon the receipt of your Crownes. —— *his hand.*

Ser. I Sir, 'tis his owne hand I can assure you.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. He does not meane to serue vs so, thou dost but iest, where is he inuisible.

Ser. Here I thinke, for I cannot see him, nor doe I know when I shall, or where he wilbe visible agen, vpon diligent search I found this paper, but my Master is not to be found.

Ful. Then he is inuisible indeed.

Roll. All but his hand. Ha, ha.

Grut. I doe incline to beleeve, that wee are cheated.

Per. With a tricke that he has. Ha, ha, ha.

Emb. You were Heretickes in that point, till he did demonstrate. Ha, ha, ha.

Roll. I cannot containe my merry spleene. Ha, ha.

Ful. Come my Lord, lets leaue them now, to be their owne derision. *Exeunt Embassador, Fulvio.*

Enter Guard with Morello.

Don. Signior *Morello*, ha, ha, ha. How came he in a Petticote.

Mor. Carry me away quickly, they wil laugh me out of my little wit.

Roll. No, no, doe not Gentlemen, remember your selues. *Grut.* Wee wonot then.

Per. *Morello*? Ile waite vpon him to the Duke my selfe. *Mor.* What wise man in *Italy* would be in my coate now. *Exit.*

Roll. I was costiue, and an Infidell, you are Christian coxcombes, and so, while I see what will become of the mirth, that is gone before, I leaue your wise Signiorships

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to the mercy of your Garters, which is a speedy way, after a little time, to make your selves invisible indeed. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Dond. Signior *Grutti* we are gull'd.

Gr. I alwayes thought he would cheat us, what shall's doe, to prevent more laughter?

Serv. I am resolv'd — I shall get no more money by him, Gentlemen be not head-hung, droope not, 'tis in this Sconce, to revenge your selves, and it may bee, recover your Crownes too.

Dond. How prithee? *Serv.* My Master —

Dond. Is invisible, we know't too well.

Serv. What will you give mee, if I discover him to your eyes agen, nay give him to your possession. *Dond.* This. *Grut.* And this — oh quickly. *Give him mony.*

Serv. Then first know, my Master is not that man you tooke him for, no *Altomaro* he, but *Bonamico* the decayd Artist, he that made Properties, and grew poore for want of Pictures, who for feare of his Creditors left his dwelling, and in this quaint disguise, set up the Trade of cozening such wise Gentlemen as you are.

Grut. Dond. Bonamico! *Serv.* The same.

Dond. Oh that we could reach him againe.

Serv. Follow me close, and I will bring you within an hayres bredth of his false Beard immediately.

Grut. That will be excellent.

Dond. Nimbly good *Mercury*, nimbly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia, Fidelia, Mardono, Donella, Catarina, Cassiava.

Fid. Madam you are too passive, if you bee dejected what must we, whose hopes and blisses depend upon your Fortune.

Don. Oh liberty, liberty; are all the *Roman* spirits extinct? Never a *Brutus* in Nature, to deliver poore Ladies from this Captivity.

Cass. Since there is no probability of our enlargement, let's be merry, and despise our Sufferings, laugh, tell Tales, sing,

ſing, dance, any thing to cozen our melancholy.

Eug. There are ſome thoughts that ſtick upon my memory, I would faine diſcharge.

Cat. Shall we try our Lutes Madam?

Eug. And voyces if you pleaſe.

Don. Yes you may try, they ſay Muſicke built the wals of *Thebes*, it were a greater myracle if you could charme theſe to fall, I ſhall never indure to live an Anchorite thus, and it were not for the happineſſe that I doe ſometimes dreame of a man, I ſhould leape the Battlement. Now would I give all my jewels for the ſight of a paire of Breeches, though there were nothing in em.

Song.

This but feedes our dulneſſe, ſhall we dance Madam and ſtirre our ſelves.

Caſſ. I am for that Muſicke, we ſhall grow to the ground and we uſe no more activity.

Eug. With all my heart.

Don. None a your dull meaſures, there's no ſport but in your Country Figaries, a nimble dance will heate, and and make us merry.

They dance, which done, a Bell rings.

Eug. Harke, the Bell. *Exit* Donella, *and enters*

Don. Some newes from the Duke. *againe with a letter.*

A Letter Madam and theſe iewels.

Eug. Ha! whence — from *Florence?* *reades.*

This is my fathers practiſe, ile peruſe the Paper. *Exit.*

Don. I have an excellent hint Ladyes of a mirth,

Cannot but pleaſe the Princeſſe.

Fid. What is't?

Don. It will require every ones indeavour,

What if we play ſome pretty Commick Story,

Kat. A Play?

Caſſ. Shall we?

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Don. Wee? Doe not distrust your owne performance, I ha knowne men ha bin insufficient, but women can play their parts.

Mar. I like it, t'wilbe new.

Don. Wee will not present it to the Princesse
But ingage her person in the action,
We shalbe too few else, some pretty Enterlude
To square with our number — d'yee allow it.

All. Willingly.

Don. Come'ile acquaint you with a plot, then instantly: referre your selues to me for your parts, we can receiue no disparagement, our spectators cannot jeere vs, for weele speake but to the people in the hangings, and they haue as much Iudgment, as some men that are but Clothes, at most, but walking pictures.

Fide. I shalbe ont.

Cass. What part will you giue me, I'le be a King.

Kat. Thou't play a Tyrant brauely.

Don. Let me alone, Ile fit you all I warrant you. *Exeunt*

Enter Dondolo, and Grutti.

Don. Now our invisible Marchant is cag'd, wee may redeeme our opinion and passe agen in the ranke of discrete Courtiers.

Grut. I thinke now to most of the beholders, he is invisible all but his head, for he has but a small grate to look out at.

Don. He shall gull no more with his art I warrant him.

Grut. Nay, he is like to lye by't, for I heare since, all his Creditors, like so many Crowes haue light vpon him, and they'le leaue him but a thin Carkasse.

Don. Let 'em picke out his Eyes, what care wee.

Grut. He sent me an Epistle to take pitty on him.

Don. But I hope thou hast more wit then to shew thy selfe a Christian to such a Rascall as he is.

Grut. I returned him my Court complement, that I was sorry I could not serue him: I would doe him any office that strecth'd not to mine owne prejudice, that

wee

wee had taken order with his Keeper, vpon payment of our ſummes disburſt, he might be enlarged.

Don. Which is impoſſible. *Enter Bonamico braue.* Prethee let me ſee his Letter, in what ſubmiſſiue language the Rogue does beſeech vs, — Moſt heroique Signiors, — good — I throw my ſelfe at the feete of your mercy, for to your Iuſtice, I beg I may not be made a Sacrifice — nay, wee'll make him beg ere wee h'a done.

Grut. At the grate.

Don. I confeſſe I ha' done you wrong — does he ſo? it ſhall not ſerve the turne — there is no hope I ſhall euer ſatisfie you, — all the better, lye and rot — if I be known a Priſoner to my Creditors, I am irrecoverably loſt, oh compaſſionate, a miſerable man, who otherwiſe muſt ſoone forfeite his day light, and dye in a dungeon. Ha, ha, ha.

Bon. Saue you noble Signiors. — *Grut.* — Ha.

Don. 'Tis he.

Grut. Did he not dye in priſon, and his Ghoſt haunts vs, braue! — 'Tis not hee.

Bon. When this eternall ſubſtance of my Soule, did liue inpriſon'd in my wanton fleſh, and ſo forth? and how d'yee like *Don Andrea* Gentlemen; poore ſnake, but hee has caſt his skin, and recouered a new coate oth' deſtinyes ſpinning. The Bird is flowne againe.

Don How the Diuell came he at liberty.

Grut. And thus Gallant.

Bon. The ſlaue does not beg of your Heroicke Signiorſhip, a Court compaſſion, debts muſt be paid, there is no danger of the grate as the caſe goes, nor of forfeiting his daylight in a dungeon, if I miſtake not, my illuſtrious paire of widgens, my ſerene ſmooth-fac'd Coxcombes, whoſe braines are curdled this hot weather: will your neate worſhip ſell your cloake, ha? or you that ſuperfluous double hatch'd Rapier, there be ſommes in Nature to lend you, vpon ſecurity that I ſhall like of.

Don. He. jeeres vs.

Grut.

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Grut. Would wee durſt beate him.

Bon. You ſee me now Gentlemen perfectly, what if I ſhould walke before you without a body, my head hanging in the aire like a comet. *Enter Rolliardo.*

Grut. Would thou wer't hang'd any way.

Don. Heere's *Rolliardo* too.

Let's be gone.

Bon. Or ſhall I appoint you a day when I will be inviſible all but my hand?

Don. No, I thanke you Sir, we haue ſome buſineſſe at this preſent. *Grut.* Let's to the priſon, and know the wonder better — Noble Signior.

Bon. For your Crownes.

Don. Wee are glad wee had 'em for you, deare Signior talke no more on 'em, *Exeunt.*

Bon. Farewell Phantaſmas then — ha? 'tis he, Sir.

Roll. Keepe your way.

Bon. You doe not know me
But I ha' brought a life which by your meanes
Has bin preſeryd from wretchedneſſe, your Bounty,
Deſerues you ſhould diſpoſe it.

Roll. What are you.

Bon. I was the obiect of a charity
Wee ſeldome meete in Mankind, from a priſon
You ſent a ſumme to free me.

Roll. Prethee friend, if th'aſt receiu'd a benefit, goe home, and ſay thy prayers: — I would forget it.

Bon. 'Mong many whom your Nobleneſſe inlarg'd,
I came to make you tender of my ſervice:
Deſpiſe not Sir my gratitude.

Roll. D'yee mocke mee?

Bon. May my ſoule want Heauens mercy then: to you,
Next my Creator, I doe owe my this Being
I haue a Soule is full of thankes, but name
Imployment to aſsure you, and you make me twice happy.

Roll. I ha nothing to ſay to you.

Bon. Then I ha ſomething to ſay to you. *Roll.* How.

Bon.

Bon. And you ſhall heare it too, and give me thankes
Y'ave ſow'd your Charity in a fruitfull ground,
Which ſhall returne it tenfold; nay one hundred.
What you have done for me you ſhall acknowledge
I will deſerve toth' height.

Roll. Th'art liberall in language.

Bo. Ile be active — off with this ſullen face,
It ſeurvily becomes you, d'yee heare.
I ſtudyed for you, ſince you payd my debts,
Ile doe you a courteſie and ſave your life,
Which your attempt upon the Princeſſe has
Left deſperate, a happy fancy Sir,
If Heaven will pleaſe to proſper it, and you
Not be your owne enemy to refuſe it.

Roll. Ha, ha, ha, what mean'ſt?

Bon. Nay you ſhall laugh and heartily ere I ha done w'e
The Duke does love his Daughter, ſends her all
Raritiesare preſented to him.

Roll. His ſoule's not dearer to him — what of that?

Bon. Why then you ſhall be admitted into the Caſtle of comfort, that's all; the conceipt is in my braine, and would you could as probably get her conſent, to untye her Virgin Zone, as I diſpoſe your acceſſe to her: it ſhall not coſt you much, if I fayle, inſtead of ſaying of my prayers, Ile curſe the Deſtiniesand dye with you.

Roll. D'yee heare, I ha beſtow'd 300. Crownes already to ſet your heeles at Liberty, if you doe mocke mee, it ſhall coſt me 500. but Ile ha'you clapt up agen, where you ſhall howle all day at the Grate, for a meale at Night from the Basket.

Bon. You are in earneſt now? *Roll.* Yes.

Bon. By all that you have threatned, ſo am I, have but the patience to walke and heare me.

Roll. Can thy Art procure this?

Bon. My Art? Why looke you, I made this Watch. Ile beſtow it on you.

Roll. What to doe? to reckon the houres I ha to live.

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Bon. It sha'not cost me so much trouble as that Toy did to make you master of your wishes, still if Heaven prosper it: come let's talke privately, you shall ha the plot.
He that doth many good deeds it may fall,
Among the rest, one may reward them all.
I long to be discoursing it, pray lead the way.

Roll. Provide agen you mocke me not — come on Sir.

Actus, IIII. Scæna, I.

Enter Dondolo, and Grutti.

Dond. *Ollyerbo* pay his debts? Sure the fellow that never saw much money in's life, now by the Duke made Master of so many summes, is growne madde with 'em.

Grut. Many other he hath discharg'd they say.

Dond. He'l undoe the Exchequer, and hee hold on, he shall be Chronicl'd for't.

Grut. He has some cause to imagine himselfe short liv'd, and that makes him so desperately charitable, toward his end. Signior *Perenotto.*

Enter Perenotto.

Peren. *Dondolo* and *Grutti*, Newes, Newes for yee.

Don. What we beseech you.

Per. You have lost the best mirth in *Italy* in your absence, your Companion *Morello* —

Don. Was carryed to the Duke in a Peticote, in which he attempted a passage to the sequestred Ladyes — what's the yssue.

Per. Mirth in Aboundance.

Grut. How came he off?

Per. Nay 'tis on still, the Duke to make himselfe sport, would call a Counsell, before whom the poore Signior

must

must be arraign'd; not to hold you in circumstance, the Businesse was merrily discust, & the pitifull proiector was iudg'd —

Don. How, how?

Per. To weare the petticote for a Month, if he appeare without it during the Terme, hee incurres his perpetuall exile from Court. *Don, Gru.* Ha, ha, ha.

Per. You may imagine with what variety of lamentable faces, the Courtier heard his unexpected sentence, some would have pleaded for him but for laughter, which continued so long and so high, that he had time to collect his scattered senses, and instead of sowning, which was expected, he grew fortifi'd, and most humbly besought the Duke, since his sentence had past so definitive, hee would be so mercifull, to admit him that course of a Moone to be his Ieaster, that since hee could not shake off the Fooles Coat, that he might have that favourable pretence to keepe it on.

Grut. Very good —

Per. 'Twas easily granted, but ever since, to the astonishment of the hearers, he is growne so iocund and ayrie, nay as if he had beene borne with a Song in's head, he talkes everlasting Ballad, no man laughes at him but hee lashes him in Rime worse then a Satyr, the Duke has priviledg'd his mirth, made him foole-free, and now hee playes the Tyrant — hee's here already.

Enter Morello like a Ieaster.

Mor. O yes, o yes, o yes,
If there be any one in City or in Towne
Can shew me a wise man Ile please him for his paine.

Per. Disgrace has made him witty.

Don. What will you say to him, will shew you a wise man?

Mor. Marry if he goe farre, he is not so wise as hee should be. *Dondolo, Grutti!* Old acquaintance how is't? How is't?

Grut. The case is alter'd with you.

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Mor. It does appeare so, but nothing can make mee proud, Ile know my Fellowes.

Per. How doe you meane *Morello*?

Mor. Your Lordship may make one at Football, 'Tis all the sport now a dayes.

What other is the world then a Ball,
Which we run after with whoope and with hollow,
He that doth catch it is sure of a fall,
His heeles tript up by him that doth follow.

Dond. Doe not women play too?

Grut. They are too light, quickly downe.

Mor. O yes, they are the best Gamesters of all,
For though they often lye on the ground,
Not one amongst a hundred will fall,
But under her coates the Ball will found.
With a Fading.

But we be three of old, without exception to your Lordship, onely with this difference, Iam the wisest Foole, for you play the foole in your old clothes, and I have a new Coate on.

Per. Does it not become him.

Don. Rarely well, doe you ever meane to resigne it.

Grut. 'Twere pitty but he should have a patent for't, to him and his posterity.

Mor. Harke you Gentlemen, d'yee heare the Newes?

Dond. Newes! what newes?

Mor. Dee not heare on't yet, why 'tis in a Ballad already. *Grut.* And thou canst sing it?

Mor. 'Twas well gueſt, and I can but hit oth' Tune.

There was an Invisible Foxe by chance,
Did meet with two invisible Geese,
He led em a fine invisible dance,
For a hundred crownes a peece.
Invisible all but his hand he would goe,
But when it came to be tride,

Not onely his hand which was left he did shew,
But a faire paire of heeles beside.
Invisible since their Wits have beene,
But yet there is hope of eyther,
Their Wit and their Crownes may returne againe,
Invisible altogether. *Exit.*

Grut. And he continue thus but a Moone, he'll make the Court mad.

Per. Oh 'twill be excellent, since it is not safe for a wise man to speake truth, 'twere pitty fooles should loose their priviledge. — The Duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, and Courtiers.

Fulv. My Lord. *Du.* What is't?

Fulv. Here's an important Suiter calls himselfe
An Artist, humbly craves admittance with
A present which he'd tender to your Acceptance,
And if my iudgment erre not, a most pleasing one.

Du. Let us see him, and his present
It will reward my Daughters patience
Love and Obedience: — All the Rarities
Ten Kingdomes yeeld, shall not be thought too weightie,
That she may shift each solitary houre
With a fresh Obiect.

Enter Benamico. *A Cage discovered.*

Dond. *Benamico?* *Grut.* Tis he.

Duk. By my Love to goodnesse
It is a Master-piece, 'twill feed the Eye
With plenty of delight.

Ben. I am as iocund since I am admitted, I talke as glib
Me thinkes, as he that farmes the Monuments.

Du. Is't not Sirs?

Per. My Lord, I ha not seene so much delight
In any piece these 7. yeares.

Du. Where's the Master of this Worke?

Ben. My Lord,
I am the Constable, that put all these in the Cage,

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and you may call it a point of Iniuſtice, for they never kept late houres, though they all weare feathers, there's not a Rorer amongſt em, and yet were they ſuffer'd, they'd flye high, for ſome of 'em are very lofty minded.

Duke. A pleaſant fellow too.

Bon. Oh my Lord, w'are all borne in our degrees to make one another merry, the Birds make me merry, I make my wife merry, the Foole makes your Courtiers merry, and the Courtiers make your Grace merry.

Duke. And whom doe I make merry?

Bon. The whole Common-wealth if you governe handſomely.

Duke. There's ſalt in's mirth: —
Ile ha this fellow wayt ith' Court.

Bon. I ſhall be kickt out by the Pages.

Duke. Why ſo? *Bon.* Becauſe I cannot flatter.

Duke. A conceyted Thing,
We lacke the Humouriſt *Rollyardo* heere.

Dond. We ſee him ith' Court ere while my Lord.

Duke. This humor would ha bin a gadflie to him
And ſtung him to the quicke.

Bon. Not altogether ſo Duke?

Grut. Fellow, what Bird is that?

Bon. Fellow? — Cry mercy, I'de forgot you, fellow Ile tell thee, d'ee not know him, tis an *Arabian* Woodcocke, the ſame that carried a Bunch of Grapes in *January* laſt to *Bethlem Gabor*.

Dond. And what call you this?

Bon. This was the Duke of *Venice* his owne Bulfinch, And taken by the *Turkes*.

Du. By the *Turkes* ſayſt thou? He droopes indeed.

Bon. Since his Captivity the Wretch indur'd
Much miſery by the Infidell, it had nothing
But bread and water for three Months.

Fulv. A ſhrewd Calamity.

Duke. I doe affect this Fellowes prate.

Per. VVhat's this?

Bon. This is the Blackbird, which was hatcht that day
Gondamoure dyed, and which was ominous
About that time *Spinola's* Thrush forsooke him.
Per. Was this he — *Bon.* Yes.
Duke. And what was this?
Bon. This was the Pidgeon was so shrewdly handled
For carrying Letters at the siege of *Bergen.*
Per. Alas pretty Bird —
Bon. This a Wagtayle of the City, which a Silkeman
So deerely lov'd, he call'd it wife, but could not
(Though in much Iealousie he had cag'd her up)
Keepe her from flying out: This was a Rayle,
Bred up by a zealous Brother in *Amsterdam*
Which being sent unto an English Lady,
VVas tane at Sea by *Dunkirks* — Name but *Rome*,
And straight she gapes as she would eate the Pope;
A Bird to bee made much on: Shee and the Horse
That snorts at *Spaine*, by an instinct of Nature
Should ha shewne trickes together: I could run over —
But your gracious pardon.
Duke. How, our pardon?
Bon. I'm now another man, and know my distance.
Duke. This man is good at all.
Bon. My Buffoone face is off, I did but shew
The impudent condition of a Mountebancke
That sets off base Toyes with miraculous Lyes
Thus farre Ile boast: they are the onely choyce
Italy and other parts of *Europe* yeeld
For the worke if it prove so fortunate
To receive Grace from your divine acceptance
The workeman-ship (so duty suffer not)
I freely tender —
Duke. No, that were to quench
The fire in all Deservers — *Fulvio.* *Fulv.* My Lord.
Duke. Pay the cost double, Ile send it to my daughter.
Bon. It takes, as Art could wish it.
Duke. I know it is a present, the sweet soule
Will rayse much joy in: — Signior *Perenotto* —

Per. My

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Per. My Lord.

Ben. There are two Birds I ha not nam'd.

Dond. What are they?

Ben. A paire of Guls, which you may share betweene you.

Per. It shall my Lord.

Duke. If *Florence* now keepe touch, we shortly shall,
Conclude all feare, with a glad Nuptiall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia, *Fidelia*, *Mardona*, *Donella*, *Cass. Katerina.*

Don. Yee like this Story best then?

Eug. That of *Jupiter* and *Danae* comes neare our owne.

Don. Be it so, we are all perfect in the plot I thinke.

Eug. You shall dispose the rest.

Don. You will not be ambitious then, and quarrell
About the parts, like your spruce Actor, that will not play
out of the best Clothes, and the fine young Prince, who if
he fight, 'tis sixe to foure he kils all and gets the Lady.

Fid. We are constant, you shall appoint 'em.

Don. Then Madam without Ceremony, you shall ply
Danae, that is shut up in the Brazen Tower. (tun.

Eu. Well I'm contented, 'twill suit with my present for-

Don. I need not to instruct you in the Character: you
shall bee the King *Acrisius* her father, a iealous, harsh,
crabbed man, who in feare of the Oracle, commands her
to be thus inclos'd.

Mar. So: — Ile fit you for a Vineger King.

Don. No matter for Properties —
We'l imagine Madam you have a beard.

Fid. What shall I play?

Don. You must be Ladies whom the King leaves to
keepe her Company, entertaine what humor you please.

Cass. Kat. This is our owne parts indeed.

Don. Yee will play it the more naturally, and let me a-
lone to play the Thunderer, Ile wanton *Jove* it: — now
whet your inventions and about it, imagine our Scene ex-
prest, and the New Prison the Title advanc'd in forme.

Cla. The

Eug. The new Prison! why?

Dan. O 'tis an excellent Name, where Spectators throng together; as ours doe me thinkes in the Arras already: the Musique ha' their part, dispose your selves for your entrances, while I speake the Prologue to our mixt audience of Silke and Cruell Gentlemen in the hangings —— hem.

Kat. Let it be a confident Prologue howsoever. *Musique.*

Don. Y'are welcome to new Prison, we have still,
Our ancient Keeper, and we feare he will
Speake in his old Key too, but doe not looke for
Choyce dyet, for alas, we play the Cooke for
All you are like to feed on, let your Pallat
Expect at most then, but a Root or Sallat.
Pick'd from the Prison Garden, we know you are
Indicious Hangings, and well seene, nor dare,
We lift you up (too bold) lest we incense
Your greene and spreading wits with impudence.
As I began, let me conclude in Rime.
Hang Still you learned Criticks of the Time.
Now *Danae* and the *Ladies*.

Eug. Was ever Father to his Childe
So unkind, it makes me wilde.
When to beguile a tedious houre,
From the top of this high Tower,
I see every other Creature,
Injoy a Liberty by Nature.
Can the silver running Fountaines.
And the Cloud aspiring Mountaines.
very Grove, and flowery field,
ut a new Affliction yeeld.

Don. This is excellent, she has plaid the part before.

Cass. Waste not your selfe in wofull plaint,
orrow will not helpe Restraint.
hinke Madam all is but a dreame,
hat we are in —— Now I am out —— beame, creame.
elpe me *Katerina*, I can make no sence rime to't.

Don. Creame is as good a Rime as your mouth can wish,
a, ha, ha.

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Cass. Does not the Arras laugh at me? it shakes me thinks.
Kat. It cannot chuse, there's one behind does tickle it.
Eug. A dreame! Alas 'tis no reliefe
For us to flatter so much griefe.
Fancy wants power to delight,
Or if we could thinke it might,
Such a dreame so sad would make us,
That it could not choose but wake us. (dreame.
Don. My Lady has helpt her pretty well out of her
Kat. The Sunne with glittering golden Rayes,
May appeare one of these dayes.
You know alwayes after Winter,
Comes the Spring and pleasant Summer.
Don. Winter and Summer, ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Winter and Summer? By my faith that's well, there's but halfe a yeare betweene, there be some call themselves Poets, make their Rimes straddle so wide, a 12. Moneth will hardly reconcile 'em, and I hope, a Lady may straddle a little by Poeticall Licence.
Cass. Madam your father King *Acrisius.*
Mard. Must I enter already — hum.
Eug. This is his houre to visite us.
Mard. How fares our daughter?
Cass. What voyce is that?
Don. The King speakes through a Trunke.
Mard. How is't heroicke Birth, what dulnesse cold
As *Saturnes*, dwels on thy forehead, be bold
To give thy griefe a Tongue, instruct, child
My paternall Nature, lest I grow wild
As the rude North: — thought of thee makes my hayres
Silver, my blood is curdled with my cares.
Don. Most high and mighty Nonsence, sure the King has swallow'd Pilles, and his stomacke not able to digest 'em, does vomit 'em up againe.
Mard. Is thy Organ dumbe
Or am I growne cheape in Maiesty, triviall Foole
Shall I reape crabbed Thistles in neglect for rich Love?

Cass. Crabbe

Caſſ. Crabbed Language I am ſure.
Don. Sure my Lady does not underſtand him.
Eng. If my brow ſo ſad appeare
My Fortunes Livery I weare, (pearle.
Mar. Weepe no more, thy eyes pave the ground with
My power is rac'd, My Crowne thy Tribute Girle.
Here is nothing to want.
Engen. Nothing to want indeed: to bee
A Priſoner ſpeakes all Miſeric. (Bliſſe
Mar. Curſe not thy ſoft Starres, but take thy fayre
With comfort, free from lowd noyſe and Feare, is
Thy gawdy Station, when I have unskrew'd
Miſtique Oracles, which not underſtood,
Doe perplexe with involv'd ſence,- I ſhall then
Enlarge thy perſon *Danae*, till when
If ought elſe doe clog thy Thoughts, with unkind
Thoughts, unload the darke burthen of thy mind.
Pronounce thy griefe aloud my amourous Darling
And I will ——
Caſſ. Let him chooſe his Rime I beſeech you Madam.
Mar. Vh, uh—cold phlegme obſtructs my Language—
Don. Ha, ha, 'tis time to make an end, (barling, carling.
He was almoſt choak'd with his owne phraſe.
Mard. And you get me to play an old man againe. ——
Don. We'l have a yong one for thee, 21. and a Coat, is
a double game: —— my turne comes next.
Eng. Hee's gone and leaveth us behind
To tell our paſſions to the wind.
Ha? what oth' ſuddaine doth ſurprize
My active motion? On my eyes
What darke and heavie Cloud doth ſit,
To perſwade me it is Night,
It is ſome Charme, I cannot keepe
Theſe windowes open, I muſt ſleepe.

Enter Jupiter.

Caſſ. This was well paſſionated, now comes *Jupiter*
To take my Lady napping, we'l ſleepe too, let the wanton

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have her swinge, would she were a man for her sake.

Jupit. Let the Musique of the Spheares,
Captivate these Mortall Eares;
While *Jove* descends into this Tower,
In a golden streaming shower.
To disguise him from the Eye
Of *Juno*, who is apt to prye
Into my pleasures, I to day
Have bid *Ganimed* goe play,
And thus stole from Heaven to bee
Welcome on Earth to *Danae*.
And see where the Princely Mayd,
On her easie Couch is layd.
Fayrer then the Queene of Loves,
Drawne about with milkie Doves.
To thee let *Paphian* Altars smoake,
Priests thy better Name invoke.
When *Hymen* lights his holy fires
Thou that canst infuse desires
In the Gods, from thy Lip
Let *Iove* heavenly Nectar sip.
And translate by kissing thee
Into thy breast his Deity:
But I rob my selfe of Treasure,
This is but the Gate of Pleasure.
To dwell here, it were a sin,
When *Elizium* is within.
Leave off then this flattering Kisses, *Bell*
To rifle other greater Blisses. *within.*

Eug. The Bell — Newes from my Father.

Cass. Then your play is interrupted *Iove*-Madam Ile see.

Don. Beshrew the Belman, and you had not wak'd as you did Madam, I should ha' forgot my selfe and play'd *Jupiter* indeed with you, my imaginations were strong upon me; and you lay so sweetly — how now?

Cass. A present Madam from the Duke: one of the finest pieces of Pageantry that ere you saw: 'tis a Cage with

varie-

variety of Birds in it: it mooves on wheeles: your Assistance Ladies to bring it in.

Eug. A Cage — if from *Florence* it shall to the fire,
Or whencesoe're it cannot be intended
But as a Mockery of my Restraint
I'm very sad oth' suddaine: ha? 'tis so
Breake it to pieces.

Don. 'Twere pitty Madam to destroy so much Art.

Eug. Yet spare the Workemanship, in the perusall
There's something pleades for Mercy: — I feele within
Some alteration, I know not what
Let me intreat your absence for some Minutes,
I am in earnest, pray doe without Reply.
Your eyes shall feed with plenteous satisfaction
On this gay object, when I call you. *Lad.* We obey you.

Eug. Yet can't I say I am alone, that have
So many Partners in Captivitie?
Sweet fellow Prisoners, 'twas a cruell Art,
The first Invention to restraine the wing.
To keepe th'Inhabitants oth' ayre close Captive
That were created to Skye freedome: Surely
The mercilesse Creditor tooke his first Light
And Prisons their first Models from such Bird Loopes;
I know yon Nightingale is not long liv'd,
See how that Turtle mournes wanting her Mate.
And doth the Duke my Father, thinke I can,
Take Comfort eyther in restraint, or in
The sight of these that every moment doe
Present it to me, were these tendered me?
They shall no more be Prisoners to please me,
Nor shall the woods be rob'd of so much Musique.

She opens the Cage, and Rolliardo comes from the Piller.

Roll. I take you at your word faire Princesse,
I am the truest Prisoner, tremble not,
Feare flyes the Noble mind, for injury dares not come neare.

Eug. Sir, what are you?

Roll. The humblest of your Servants.

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Eug. You are not mine, for in this bold Attempt
You have undone me.

Roll. You see I keepe at distance.

Eug. Y'are too neare, I will discover you, tho
I fall my selfe by your presumption.

Roll. Hold, be counsell'd rather
But to calme Silence for a paire of minutes
And none shall perish, you shall save him too
That would for your sake loose himselfe for ever.

Eug. For my sake? What Relation has my Birth
Or any passion I call mine to you.

Roll. Nor doome me unto scorne, I am a Gentleman,
And when my inimitable Resolution
In those Attempts whose very sounds breeds Earthquakes
In other hearers, shall your knowledge fill,
With wonder and amaze; you will at least
Thinke I fall too low, if I love beneath you.

Eug. Ha? this is a strange accident.

Roll. Was it lesse
Then death deare Princesse to adventure hither,

Eug. It will be death how ever.

Roll. Y'are deceiv'd Lady.

Eug. How I'm perplex'd.

Roll. It had beene death
Your sight gives me a Lease of longer life,
My head stands fast.

Eug. He speakes all mystery, I shannot get him off I feare without some staine.

Roll. The truth is Princesse, if you now discover me,
(Tho I made nice at first to put your fright by)
You cannot harme me much, I ha' done my taske,
Doe you feare me still? why is there such a space
Betwixt us Lady? — Can you keepe that man
At so unkind a distance, that for your sake
Has in his undertaking swallow'd danger
Rob'd death, of all his feares.

Eug. For my sake.

Roll. Yours

Rol. Yours —— faire Princeſſe, dare you ſo far truſt me yet
To let me kiſſe your hand?
Eug. Audacious Sir,
I ſhall grow lowd if you forget your diſtance
Nor that you may hold long —— ——
I'm ſtudying how I ſhould bee rid of him without theyr
Knowledge: yet that's dangerous too, and might
Shew guilt in me, for he will boaſt on't.
Rol. Such was the Duke your gracious fathers care
He would put confidence in none about him,
But ſaw me brought himſelfe.
Eug. This is a fine Paradoxe.
Rol. Which muſt be to high purpoſe: come be wiſe
And keepe me while you have me, 'tis but reaping
This fruitleſſe Harveſt, from my cheeke and chin
And you can forme the reſt, y'are young and beautifull
Looſe not the bleſſing of your Youth ſweet Princeſſe
Fayre opportunity waytes vpon your pleaſure,
You want but the firſt knowledge of your ioy.
Your Bloud is ripe, come I am confident
Your will is but controul'd by upſtart Feares,
Like advanc'd Beggers, that will checke their Princes,
My ſafeſt way is yours, now to conceale me,
It may be thought I have inioy'd you elſe,
Ill Cenſure ſoone takes fire, nay perhaps
To be reveng'd of your ſterne cruelty,
Ile ſweare my ſelfe I have poſſeſt you freely,
Play your game wiſely then, your honor lyes
Full at my mercy, come, 'tis in your love,
To lead me to a ſecret Couch.
Eug. Bold Villaine
For theſe uncivill moſt unhallowed words,
Ile dye but Ile undoe thee.
Rol. Stay and let me circle in mine Armes
All happineſſe at once, I have not Soule
Enough to apprehend my ioy, it ſpreads

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Too mighty for mee: know excellent *Eugenia*
I am the Prince of *Florence*, that owe Heaven
More for thy vertues, then his owne Creation.
I was borne with guilt enough to cancell,
My first puritie, but so chast a Love
As thine, will so refine my second being
When holy marriage frames vs in one piece,
Angels will envie me.

Eug. Ha? the Prince of *Florence*.

Roll. I ha made no travaile for so rich a Blessing,
Turne me to Pilgrimage, divinest Beauty,
And when I ha' put a girdle 'bout the World,
This Purchase will reward me.

Eug. Purchase?—I am not bought and sold I hope?

Roll. Give it what name you will, y'are mine *Eugenia*.

Eug. Your's Prince? I doe not know by what Title you pretend this claime; I never yet remember that I saw you,
And if I had any interest in my selfe,
Produce your witnesse, when I gave it you,
I have possession yet, ere I deliver it,
You must shew stronger evidence.

Roll. Are we not Contracted? (pitty your abuse.

Eug. Contracted? when? where?—Good Prince I

Roll. 'Tis firme betweene our Fathers.

Eug. Mine cannot give away my heart. *Roll.* Cannot?

Eug. Shall not Prince, your travaile and your trouble
With this Conceipt to boote, were it your owne
Invention, withall your Birds about you
That can take me. *Roll.* Is it my person Madam
You hold unworthy? For my birth and Fortune
Cannot deserve your scorne. *Eug.* It takes not from
The greatnesse of your State, or bloud my Lord
To say I cannot Love you, since Affection
Flowes uncompell'd, and rests in the cleere object,
Nor doe I rob your person of iust valew,
If to me other seeme as faire, and comely,
Forme may apparell, and become what we

Affect, not cause true Love, you have enough
To promise you a happyer choyce, attempt
A Nobler Fate, and leave me to my selfe
And humble Destiny, for know *Florentine*
I have but one Faith, one Love, and though my Father
Locke up my person, 'tis beyond his Will
To make me false to him I gave my faith to.
And y'are not Noble now if you proceed,
Be then what you were borne, and doe not tempt
A woman to commit a Sacriledge:
For when I give my heart to any other
Then my *Philenzo*, I commit that sin. *He discovers*
Roll. If you'll not pardon, Ile deliver up, *himselfe.*
Philenzo to be punish'd for this tryall — See Lady.
Eug. My decree banisht *Philenzo*!
Roll. O let not such a glorious building stoope
It is my duty,
Eug. I will make it mine.
Roll. I have a double duty, for I owe
Your Constancy as much respect and Reverence,
As your most Princely person.
Eug. What for our safety?
Roll. Oh with what willingnesse could I be lost
In this distracted Wildernesse of Joy.
To morrow Madam, I goe to my Arraignment.
Eug. How?
Roll. Spend no feare upon't
Your Story shall be pleasing; — I ha' much
To tell you — for your Ladyes.
Eug. They are mine, what should our innocence
Feare in their knowledge, I desire to heare
The Circumstance of this wonder
Roll. It attends,
The Story past; we must some Counsell find,
The puzzle of our Fate, is still behind. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

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Actus, V. Scena, I.

Enter Dondolo, Morello, Grutio.

Don. WE are sorry, we gave thee distaste, come let's be friends, you did apprehend too nicely.

Mor. Nicely? it might have beene your owne case.

Grut. Come, you were unkind to rub us before the Duke so.

Mor. Be wise hereafter, and make the Foole your friend, 'tis many an honest mans case at Court. It is safer to displease the Duke then his Iester, every sentence the one speakes, flatterers make an Oracle, but let the impudent foole barke never so absurdly, other men have the wit to make a Ieast on't, 'tis policie in state, to maintaine a Foole at Court, to teach great men discretion.

D. Gr. Great men, we are none.

Mor. No but you may be, by the length of your wit and shortnesse of your memory, for if you have but wit enough to doe mischiefe, and oblivion enough to forget good turnes, you may come to great places in time, keepe a foole a'your owne, and then you are made ——

Don. Made? What?

Mor. Cuckolds, if my Lady take a liking to the innocent, O your Foole is an excellent fellow upon all occasions.

Song.

Among all sorts of people
the matter if we looke well in,
The Foole is the best, he from the rest,
will carry away the Bell too.
All places he is free to,
and fooles it without blushing,
At Maskes and Playes, is not the Bayes
thrust out, to let the plaies in.

Your foole is fine, he's merry,
and of all men doth feare least,
At every word he jests with my Lord,
and tickles my Lady in earnest:
The foole doth passe the Guard now,
he'l kisse his hand and leg it,
When Wisemen prate, and forfeit their state,
who but the fine foole will beg it.
He without feare can walke in,
the streets that are so stonie,
Your Gallant sneakes, your Marchant breakes,
he's a Foole that does owe no mony.

Enter Rollyardo.

Roll. The Duke, where is the Duke?

Mor. He's forthcomming, there's no more mony ith' Exchequer.

Roll. I come to give up my accounts and reckon with him, some body tell him so.

Mor, And you doe not reckon well with him, he'll be even with you, Ile doe your Message.

Roll. Doe, and say I sent a Foole a my errand prithee, cry mercy, such an Office would ha' become eyther of you Gentlemen.

Dond. His tongue moves circular in abuses.

Grut. The Duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, Perenotto, &c.

Duke. How now, what day is't?

Roll. 'Tis Holyday. *Duke.* How?

Roll. Therefore wee are preparing a Morris to make your grace merry, they have chosen mee for the Hobby-horse, and if doe not deceive theyr expectation, they will laugh at me extreamly before I dye.

Duke. Doe you come like one prepar'd for death?

Roll. Not so well I hope, as I may be hereafter, unlesse you will be unjust, and have a desire to be clapt into the Chronicles with some your Predecessors, for cutting off

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heads, when you doe not like theyr complexion, tis but laying one block vpon another, and I am quickly ſent of a headleſſe errand.

Duk. Iniuſt doe you remember what ſommes you owe for, doe not ieſt away your life.

Roll. I craue no longer day for't, and I proue not my ſelfe free from my engagements.

Duk. How?

Rol. For although I had not the art to goe inviſible as theſe wiſe Courtiers nor could counterfeit another ſex ſo becommingly as tother gaudy Signior, to introduce me to the Ladies, yet with your Princely licence I may ſay, 'tis done. *Duk.* Done? what is done.

Per. Hee's mad ſir.

Roll. I come not to Petition for a mercy
But to cry vp my merit, for a deed
Shall drowne all ſtory, and poſterity
When it ſhall finde in her large Chronicle
My glorious vndertaking, ſhall admire it
More then a Sybils leafe, and looſe it ſelfe
In wonder of the action, Poets ſhall
With this make proud their Muſes, and apparell it
In rauiſhing numbers, which the ſoft haird Virgins
Forgetting all their legends, and Loue tales
Of *Venus*, *Cupid*, and the ſcapes of *Ione*
Shall make theyr onely ſong and in full quire
Chant it at *Hymens* feaſt.

Duk. What meanes this boaſting?

Ful. Roltiardo.

Roll. You thinke I am a loſt man, and your gay things
That eccho to your paſſions, and ſee through
Your eyes all thats preſented, do already
Tickle their very ſoules, with expectation
To ſee me beg moſt miſerably for life
But you are all deceiu'd —here I pronounce
The great worke done that cancels all my debts
I haue had acceſſe vnto the faire *Eugenia*

Your

Your Princely daughter, ſtaid, diſcourſt with her,
More, ſhee has entertained me for her ſeruant.
Per. Sir doe youbeleeue him.
Duk. Thou haſt prophaind a name will ſtrike thee dead,
Rol. It cannot be, for if you meane your daughter
'Tis that is my preſeruer, bleſt *Eugenia*
To whoſe memory, my heart does dedicate
It ſelfe an altar, in whoſe very mention
My lips are hallowed, and the place a temple
Whence the diuine ſound came, it is a voyce
Which ſhould our holy Churchmen vſe, it might
Without addition of more exorciſme
Diſinchant houſes, tye vp nightly ſpirits
Which fright the ſolitary groues, *Eugenia*
When I haue nam'd, I needs muſt loue my breath
The better after it.
Duk. Thou haſt vndone.
Thy ſelfe i'th repetition, and in this
Wherein thou cunningly wouldſt beg our pittie
Thou haſt deſtroyed it, and not left a thought
To plead againſt our anger, where before
Thy life ſhould haue beene gently inuited forth
Now with a horrid circumſtance death ſhall
Make thy ſoule tremble, and forſaking all
The noble parts, it ſhall retire into
Some angle of thy body, and be afraid
To informe thy eyes, leaſt they let in a horrour
They would not looke on.
Rol. I am ſtill the ſame, and let me be ſo bold
To plead your royall word, 'twas my ſecurity
Nor ſhall you take mine to induce your faith
To what is done I haue more pregnant euidence,
Your highneſſe knowes that character.
Duk. Ha? 'tis not ſo, I'le not beleeue my eyes
Come hither *Fulvio*, *Perenotto* read
But not too loude, does ſhee not write to me
It is iniuſt you let *Rolliardo* dy
Vnleſſe *Eugenia* beare him company.

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Giue

Give mee the Paper.

Per. 'Tis counterfeit my Lord, cut off my head
If this be not a lygge of his invention.

Du. My ſoule is in a ſweat. I feele my blood
Heave in my Veynes — he lookes as he had ſeene her.
More my Propheticke thoughts doe whiſper to me——

Fulv. Beleeve it not Sir.

Duke. I wonnot —— *Perenotto* ——

Don. I know not what to thinke.

Grut. The Duk's perplext, obſerve.

Roll. Will eyther of you ſpeake for me Gentlemen, if the Iuſtice of my cauſe ſhould fayle me, Ile pay you for't, I know Courtiers that live upon countenance, muſt ſell their tongues, what is the price of yours pray?

Grut. Humble your ſelfe you Coxcombe.

Duke. Away, and let not him ſtirre I charge you.
This does intrench too much upon her perſon,
Have my endeavours to preſerve *Eugenia*
Of whom I thought ſo many men unworthy
Ruin'd themſelves? Humane invention
Could not inſtruct me to diſpoſe her where
She could be more defenc'd from all mens eyes
An Anchorite lives not priſon'd in a wall
With more ſecurity. 'Tis not poſſible
Why am I troubled thus? My feare abuſes me,
In ſuch a cauſe I would checke an Oracle.
And ſhall his dexterous forgery, unſettle
My confidence, I wonot ſhew a guilt,
Of ſo much weakeneſſe in me, *Fulvio* ——
And Gentlemen —— we'll ſpeake to you anon.

Roll. I ha ſpoke too much already it ſeemes, ſure he has ſent for her, I dare repoſe my life on her, to whoſe truſt I gave my heart, ſhe is a thouſand witneſſes in her ſelfe.

Fulv. It will be mirth Sir.

Roll. I like not this conſulting, they breake of pleaſantly now in the name of *Mercury* what crotchet.

Duke. I ſee it is in vaine

To interrupt our fate, what is decreed
Above, becomes not mortals to diſpute
Sit there,— nay be not modeſt, you were borne to't
And therefore take your place, nay nay, be cover'd
Imagine that a Crowne, and theſe your Subiects
As when I dye, you know 'twill come to that.
In right of my ſole daughter— ſo, does he not
Looke like a Prince indeed, appeares he not
A pretty lumpe of Maieſty.
Don. He's ſtudying ſome ſpeech Ile lay my life —
Duke. Againſt his Coronation, to thanke all
His loving Subiects, that as low as earth *Draw their*
Thus offer him their duties. *Swords: Eugenia enters*
Eug. Hold I beſeech you *and Perenotto.*
Let not my duty ſuffer miſconſtruction
If while my knee doth beg your bleſſing, here
I throw my armes, and circle next to Heaven
What muſt be deareſt to me. *Duke.* Ha?
Eug. My ioy of life. *Du.* Deſtroy me not?
Eug. Alas-I would preſerve all, am ſo farre from killing,
That I would dye my ſelfe, rather than ſee
One drop of bloud forc'd frow his crimſon Fountaine,
Or but one teare rackt from your eye, oh heare me
And after let your anger ſtrike two dead.
So you would let us dwell both in one Grave;
And did you know how neere we were in life
You would not thinke it fitting that in death
Our aſhes were divided, you have heard
When the poore Turtle's raviſht from her Mate
The Orphant Dove doth grone away her life
In Widowes ſolitude, let me call him husband
And tell your ſelfe the reſt.
Duke. Kill not thy Father with one word *Eugenia*,
Thy Husband?
Eug. I doe beſeech you heare me.
Duke. Beg thou mayſt be forgotten, 'tis ſinne
'Bove my forgiveneſſe, this a match for thee?

What

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What man can bring me a certificate
He had a father, or was christen'd? Hee?
We all are in a dreame, awake me thunder.
Roll. Temper your passion Sir.
Duke. Some tortures to enforce confession from him
How he procur'd acceſſe.
Roll. They ſhannot need, you ſent me Sir your ſelfe.
Duke. Wee?
Roll. The Cage was my conveyance. (command.
Per. That was preſented lately with the Birds, you gave
Du. Be dumbe, I dare not heare you.
Dond. This was a Bird in a Cage indeed.
Du. Search for the Traytor *Bonamico* preſently
He has betray'd me, they ſhall ſuffer both
Before the noyſe be ſpread to our diſhonour.
Eug. Yet will you heare me.
Du. I heare too much, thou haſt forgot thy birth,
Thy Fortunes, and thy Father, were my cares
So wondred at abroad, cenſur'd at home
Worthy of nothing but contempt from thee
For whom they were begotten? thou haſt plough'd
Vpon my Face, canſt thou undoe a wrinckle
Or change but the complexion of one Hayre.
Yet thou haſt gray'd a thouſand, taken from mee,
Not added to my comforts, more then what
Like an indulgent Parent I have flattered
My ſelfe into. *Enter Bonamico.*
Grut. Here is the other Traytor Sir.
Duke. Away with 'em to death.
Eug. Let me goe too.
Du. It needs not, thou art dead already Girle,
And in thy ſhame. I and the Dukedome ſuffer,
Thou mayſt remember (falſe to thy owne vow)
Philenzo whom I baniſh'd, for thy ſake.
The title of my Subiect, and thy Love
To him, pull'd our diſpleaſure on him, ſince
Wee ſtudying to adde more height to thee,

Thou haſt made thy ſelfe leſſe, and for ought wee know,
Claſp'd with the ſonne of Earth to coole the Feuer
Of hote ſinne in thy veines, ingratefull to
Philenzo, cold already in thy memory.

Roll. 'Tis happineſſe enough that you haue mentioned (him,
And whither to your Mercy, or your juſtice,
See that *Philenzo* kneele.

Omnes. Lord *Philenzo*.

Ful. My Noble cozen ſo neere mee, and conceal'd.

Eug. Your daughters knees ioyne with his bended heart
To beg your pardon.

Duke. *Philenzo?* were not you baniſh'd Sir.

Roll. It was your ſentence.

Duke. In paine of death not to returne, bleſt Fate
Thou haſt relieued mee, had'ſt thou died before
By our command, it would haue beene thought Tiranny
Though none durſt tell vs ſo, now wee haue argument
Of iuſtice, and our euery breath is Law
To ſpeake thee dead at once, wee ſhannot neede
To ſtudy a diuorce, thy ſecond exile
Shall be Eternall, Death.

Roll. You doe me honour.

Duke. Be it your puniſhment, as you preferd him
By Art to her, now by another Art
For euer to deuide 'em, be's Executioner,
And after make him higher by the head,
To cure's ambition, ſee't aduanc'd.

Roll. Ere I goe, dread Sir,
I haue an humble ſuite, it is not life
Ile aske, for that I giue up willingly
And call it Mercy in you to immortalize
The affection I ſhall owe *Eugenia*,
Your other baniſhment is onely Death,
You new create me now, it was my ayme
And my attempt you thought ſo bold, I made
To ſerue this end, that ſince I could not liue
I might dye for her; pray reprieue my breath

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But till I take my leaue, one minute does it
It ſhall be a very ſhort, and ſilent farewell.

Enter Embaſſadour.

Duk. 'Tis granted.

Fu. My Lord Embaſſadour.

Duk. Not the leaſt whiſper of *Philenzo*, as you value our regard — O my good Lord welcome.

Emb. Letters to your Grace.

Duk. They are gratefull as my comfort — *Perenotto*, let them withdraw; Her vaine will be diſcouered — *Fulvio* follow and part 'em, giue order for his execution, off with his head inſtantly — I can read no more for ioy, *Perenotto* vſe your beſt oratory on my daughter to forget that Traitour, and prepare to marry *Florence*, 'tis concluded to be ſolemnized by proxie.

Don. Ile ſee the execution. *Exit.*

Duk. Now to the reſt,
Your laſt letters were acceptable; and our ſonne before had intention to finiſh the marriage in his perſon, but lately receiuing intelligence, that one *Philenzo* of Noble birth, now in exile, though without your conſent, had long ſince intreſt in your daughters affection, wee thought meet rather to aduiſe for his repeale then proceed to our diſhonour; where the hearts meete, there onely marriages are ſacred, and Princes ſhould be exemplary in all Iuſtice, although we diſclaime in this deſigne, on our parts, we will continue all other Princely correſpondence.
I am iuſtly puniſhed and haue run my ſelfe
Into a labarinth, from whence no art
Can bring me of with ſafety — my Lord you may
Pleaſe to retire your ſelfe, a thouſand wheeles
Do moue preposterous in my braine, what cure?
I looſe my ſelfe, runne with a haſt thou wod'ſt
Preſerue my life, and ſtay the execution.
I will not haue a drop of blood fall from
Philenzo for my Dukedome, ſye I ſay
Thou ſhould'ſt be there already.

Enter

Enter Dondolo.

How now, has *Philenzo* ſtill a head on?

Don. Yes my Lord. (would'ſt

Duke. Follow him, and with that Nimbleneſſe thou
Leape from thy Chamber when the Roofe's a fire
Proclayme aloud our pardon to *Philenzo*,
And bring him backe to us.

Dond. 'Tis too late Sir, *Philenzo's* dead already
He ſav'd the Executioner that trouble.
The voyce is, he is poyſon'd.

Enter Fulvio.

Duke. Poyſon'd, how ——
Where is *Philenzo*?
This foole reports him poyſon'd, what circumſtance?

Fulv. He had no ſooner parted from *Eugenia*,
But ſuddainly he fainted, at which fall
Of his owne ſpirit, he ſeem'd griev'd with ſhame
To ſhew ſo little courage neere his death,
Which he call'd Martyrdome, and preſently
Whither ſupply'd by other, or prepar'd
By himſelfe we know not, he had a Violl
Of water ſoveraigne as was pretended
To inlifne his dull heart, he dranke it up
And ſoone ſhew'd cheerefull in his eyes, wee led
Him ſmiling forward, but before we could
Approach the place of death, he ſunke agen
But irrecoverably, for in vaine we applyed
Our helpe, by which we did concludo he had
Drunke poyſon.

Duke. All this talke is ſuch, and through
My eare I take it in, with as much danger,
I feele it active in my Braine already.
Call our Phyſitians I will hang em all
Vnleſſe they can recover him, it ſhall be
Death to ſave any man hereafter, if
They ſuffer him to periſh.

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Enter Perenotto, Eugenia.

Fulv. Sir your Daughter
It seemes the accident has arriv'd at her.
Du. Arriv'd at her? Fame will soone spread it *Fulvio*,
About the world, and wee shall be theyr mockery.
He's dead they tell me Girle, poyson'd they say, too.
Eug. Oh my *Philenzo*.

Enter Grutti, Philenzies Body is brought in, and layd upon a Carpet.

Duke. *Eugenia* 'shat not marry *Florence* now,
Nor any other since *Philenzoes* dead,
But thou wo't not beleeve me, had he liv'd
He had beene thine, that minute tooke him hence,
Wherein I first resolv'd to ha given thee to him.
Eug. Oh doe not mocke me Sir, to adde to my
Affliction, yon nere would give me to him.
Duke. May Heaven forgive me never then, but what
Availes too late compunction? Noble Gentleman
Thou shalt have Princely Funerall, and carry
On thy cold marble the Inscription of
Our sonne in death, and my *Eugenias* Husband.
Fulv. Madam, this sorrow for his losse is Reall.
We met the *Florentine* Embassadour
Who told me the Expectation of that Prince
Was now dissolv'd, and Messengers were sent
To stay the Execution.
Duke. Who now
Shall marry my *Eugenia*, I have undone
The hope of our posterity.
Eug. Not so Sir,
If yet you'l give me leave to make my choyce
Ile not despaire to find a Husband.
Duke. Where?

Eug. Here

Eug. Here Royall Sir, *Philenzo* is not dead
But made by Vertue of a drinke to seeme so
Thus to prevent his suffering, that I might
Or other friend by my confederacy,
By begging of his body fit for buriall,
Preserve him from your anger.
Duke. Dost not mocke me?
Eug. Let me beg your pardon,
Confident of your change to mercy, I have
Confess'd what terrour could not force me to.

Enter Morello, and Ladies,

Grut. This is pretty *Dondolo.*
Duke. Blessings fall doubly on thee.
Eugen. He expects
Not such a full streame of happinesse, heaven dispose him
To meet it quickly,
Per. Here are strange turnings, see he stirs.
Roll. Where am I now? no matter where I be
'Tis Heaven if my *Eugenia* meet me here
She made some promise sure to such a purpose.
This Musicke sounds divinely, ha *Eugenia*
'Tis so, let's dwell here for Eternity
If I be dead, I wonot live agen
If living — ha! I'm lost, lost for ever.
Duke. Not found till now, take her a guift from me
And call me father.
Roll. I am not yet awake.
Eug. Thou art *Philenzo*, and all this is truth,
My Father is Converted.
Roll. 'Tis a Myracle.
Duke. You must beleeve it,
In signe how we are pleas'd proclaime this day
Through *Mantua* a pardon to all offenders
As amply as when we tooke our Crowne.
Mor. Then my Petticote is discharg'd.
Dond. Now Lady you are free.

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Grut. Make me happy to renew my suit.
Mor. And mine, shall's to Barlibreake
I was in Hell last, 'tis little lesse to be in a Petticote somtimes.
Roll. Madam vouchsafe him kisse your hand
Wee owe him much.
Duke. We'll take him to our Service.
Dond. I am too much honour'd.
Duke. And you into our bosome, this day shall
Be consecrate to tryumph, and may time
When 'tis decreed, the world shall have an end
By Revolution of the yeare make this
The day that shall conclude all memories.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

The *Printer* to the *Reader*.

GEntle *Reader*, let me desire thy fauorable correction of these places. *viz.*

Act. 1. Page the fifth, for *Ferrara* reade *Florence*. Page the tenth leaue, out these words. *Yet it shall be vnder 20. thousand Crownes, I will not leaue the pawne for twice so much.*

Act. 4. in a Song for (*two inuisible*) reade (*two visible*) many other Errors, (though for the most part literall,) thou shalt meete, which thou canst not with safetie of thy owne, interpret a defect in the Authors Iudgment, since all bookes are subiect to these misfortunes.

Vale et mitius interpretare.

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